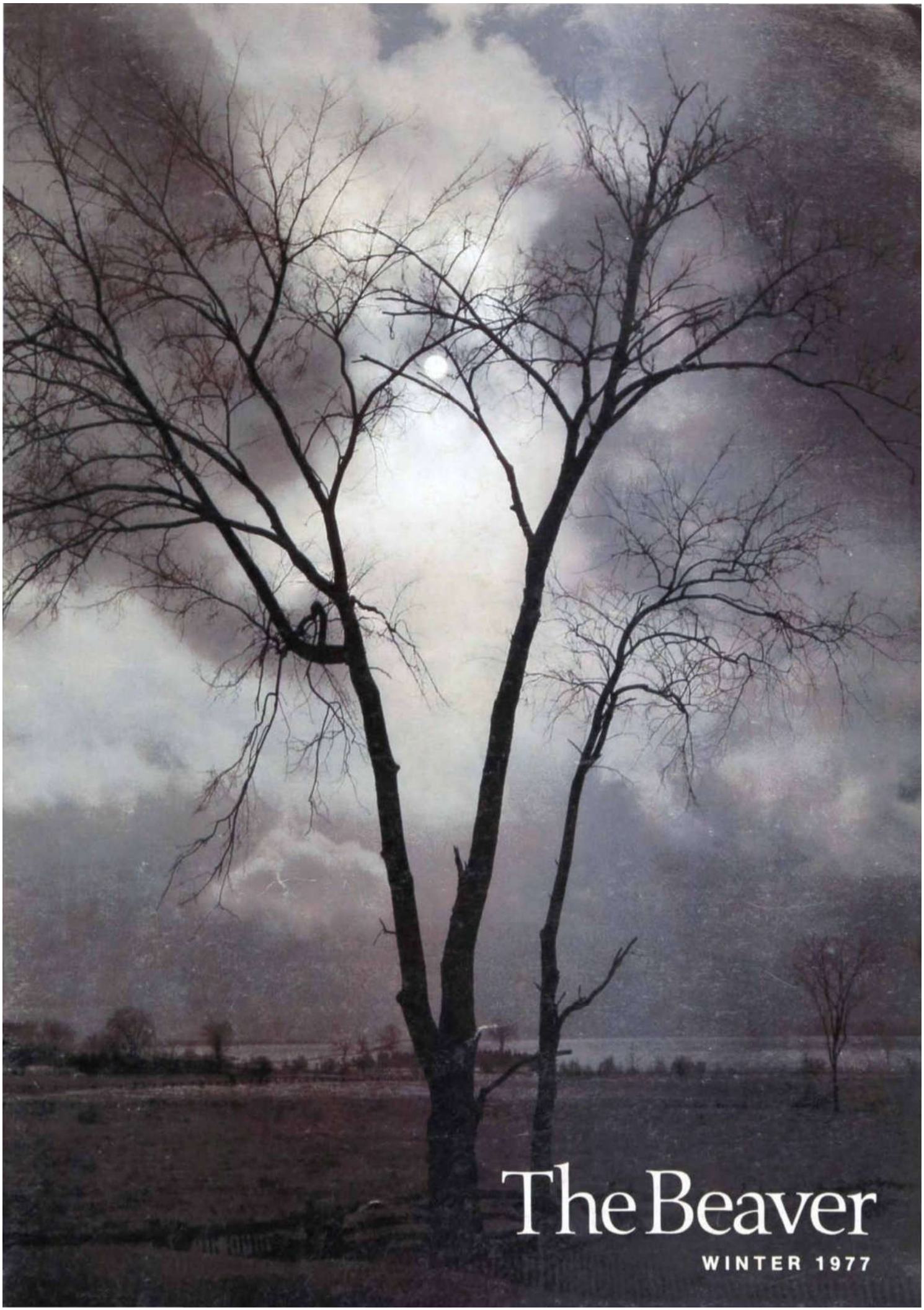

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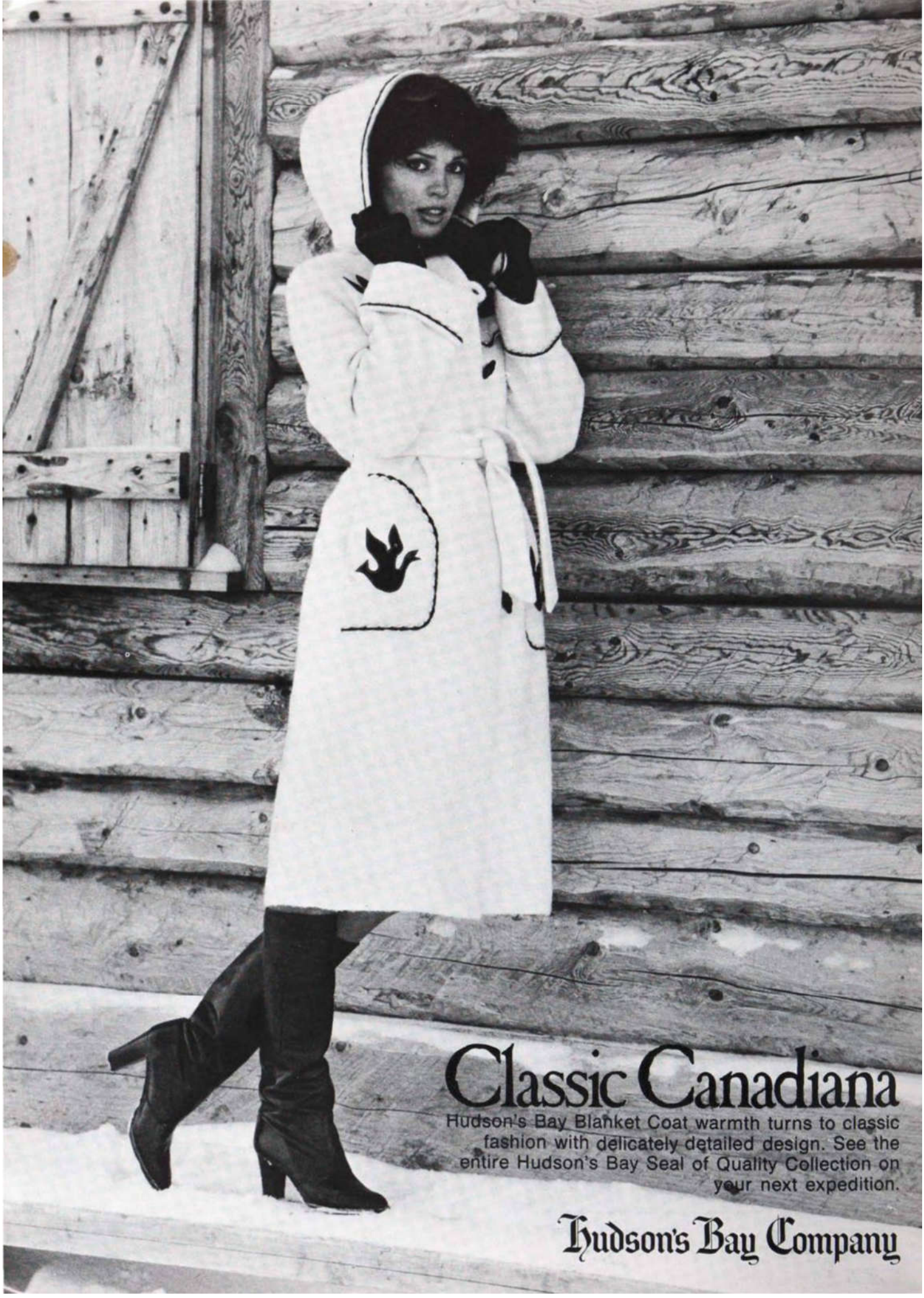
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Cover: Winter scene by John de Visser.

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Ultimate Respectability: Fur-trade Children in the 'Civilized World'

BY JENNIFER BROWN

The author was awarded her PhD in anthropology from the University of Chicago in 1976. Her thesis was 'Company Men and Native Families: Fur-trade Social and Domestic Relations in Canada's Old Northwest'. *Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Hudson's Bay Company for permission to quote from its archives.*

Part One of a Two-Part Series

A FREQUENT TOPIC OF CONCERN in the private letters of fur-trade officers in the early to mid-nineteenth century was the problem of 'placing' their children born in the Northwest. The placing of children signified their arranged lodging, usually in Britain or eastern Canada, at a distance from parents still resident in the fur-trade country. Its intent was to provide a son or daughter with both the formal and informal education needed to find a secure and respectable niche in society, whether in the 'civilized world' or upon returning to Company life.

British-Canadian social and cultural influences were affecting fur-trade life to an increasing extent. With the advent of missionaries, settlers, and white women in Red River and beyond, Hudson's Bay Company fathers considered it of growing importance to equip their children to survive and succeed in this changing society — and the most effective means available was to place them directly in Britain or Canada while of school age, for an extended time. From the 1820s on, growing numbers of traders' children began or even completed their schooling in Red River itself. But for purposes of proper placement for later life, Red River for several decades remained an inadequate or second-best alternative in the eyes of officers concerned with social standing and advancement for their families. Aside from the questionable quality of its schools, Red River did not yet hold the kinds of well-established business and professional figures whose teaching and patronage could assure secure employment later on; nor was there much secure and 'respectable' employment available, except for occasional openings in a Company that no longer sought personnel increases after the HBC-North West Company merger of 1821.

The placing of children, whether for schooling or apprenticeship, confronted Company families with difficult choices and uncertainties, particularly if the father was absent in active service and unable to supervise the placing process in person. Numerous fathers were obliged to rely on the advice and aid of relatives, of home clergy or teachers, or of friends in Canada or Britain. These persons varied greatly in their helpfulness and solicitude for the offspring, who in turn faced sometimes difficult adjustment problems away from their parents. Families that successfully weathered these difficulties to see their offspring at last 'well placed' were grateful for good fortune.

In those years of large families, it was a severe strain on most traders' financial resources to board and educate their children in some distant place. As a consequence, some families contained both educated and uneducated siblings, as Letitia (Mrs James) Hargrave discovered at York Factory in 1840 with respect to Joseph, son of Chief Factor James Bird, and another Joseph, son of Chief Factor John McLoughlin:

> . . . The state of society seems shocking. Some people educate & make gentlemen of part of their family & leave the other savages. I had heard of Mr Bird at Red river & his dandified sons. One day while the boats were here a common half breed came in to get orders for provisions for his boatmen. Mr H. called him Mr Bird to my amazement. This was one who had not been educated & while his father & brothers are Nobility at the Colony, he is a voyageur & sat at table with the house servants here. Dr MacLoughlen, one of our grandees at a great expense gave 2 of his sons a regular education in England & keeps the 3rd a common Indian. . . . I daresay the heathen is the happiest of them as the father is constantly upbraiding the others with the ransom they have cost him.

Such bifurcation of careers within families was of course related in some instances to the fact that siblings might differ in age by two or more decades, and might have matured in very different circumstances with widely differing opportunities. Bird's older sons such as Joseph and Jemmy Jock, a figure well known to traders and Indians of the western plains, grew up several years before Red River

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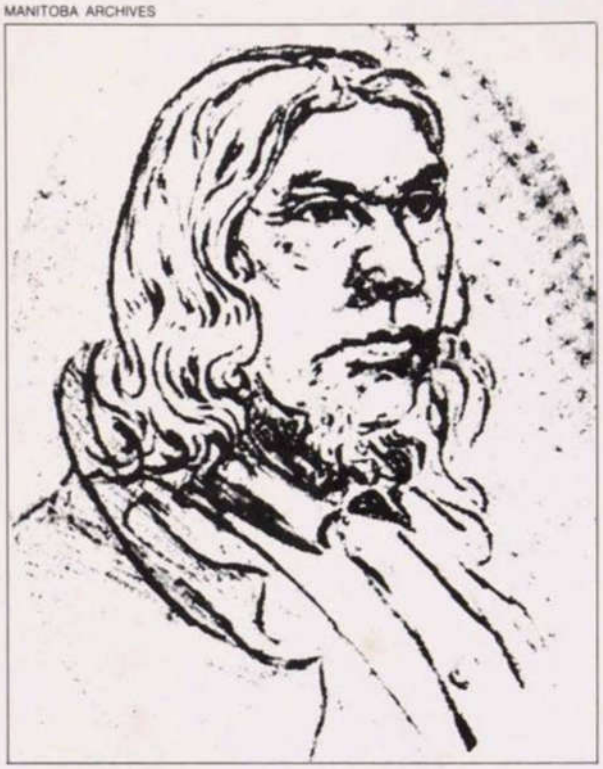
The Red River Academy, 1844, from a drawing by Indian student Peter Jacobs. From the 1820s on several traders' children were educated at Red River but it was considered inadequate by many HBC officers anxious to advance their families in British-Canadian society.

St Thomas, Ontario (below) witnessed the arrivals of a number of children of Company officers beginning in the 1830s. Most were offspring of associates of Edward Ermatinger, a prosperous St Thomas banker and former HBC employee. He built the Ermatinger Block visible at the extreme right in this 1863 view of Talbot Street, St Thomas.

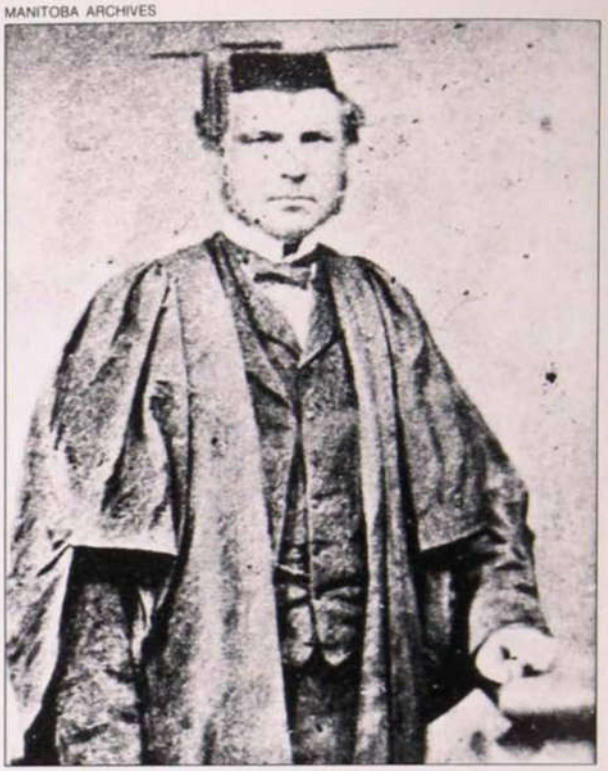
ELGIN COUNTY MUSEUM: PHOTO BY CLIFF MAXWELL

MANITOBA ARCHIVES



James Bird Jr, or 'Jemmy Jock', a figure well-known to western traders and Indians. As one of the older sons of Chief Factor James Bird he grew up without exposure to the educational and social influences of the Red River Settlement.

MANITOBA ARCHIVES



Alexander Kennedy Isbister, son of HBC officer Thomas Isbister, received his education at Red River and at universities in Britain. He later achieved distinction as an educator and lawyer.

was founded and while their father was serving far inland; Bird's numerous younger children matured in Red River amid its growing schools and churches and European influences.

By the 1830s, several fur-trade sons and daughters had left both the Northwest and Red River to reside more or less permanently in Britain or Canada. Those who left went on to pursue, with mixed success, a greater variety of careers than those who remained. Although the fact of their dispersal frequently makes their adult careers difficult to follow, it is possible to trace the parental relations, schooling, and initial employment of a number of these individuals, and to discover the varied problems that they and their parents encountered.

The 1832 will of Chief Factor Thomas Vincent, made in Hartlepool, Durham, alluded to seven Hudson Bay children then resident in England. One was his son James 'of Hackney near London Gentleman' who ran a school that probably emphasized practical clerkly and related skills like many others that had lately been founded in England. Another was his daughter Jane, residing in the Orkneys as wife of a former Company employee. A son, Thomas, was a clerk to one of Vincent's executors in Sedgefield, Durham. Faith Prince of Hartlepool, who had been listed in 1808 as a pupil in the Albany school in Hudson Bay along with two of Vincent's own daughters was a legatee; so was Sophia McCormick of the same town, perhaps a stepdaughter and 'Widow and relict of Charles McCormick late of HB aforesaid Surgeon deceased'.

The most unfortunate of Vincent's Hudson Bay legatees resident in Britain was his stepson, John Sutherland. After Vincent's death, his will was delayed in its implementation by creditors' charges and by disputes between his sons James and Thomas. Meanwhile Sutherland, who had been boarding in Gravesend, fell desperately ill. His landlady's husband became jealous of the attentions she was paying the young man 'and which his unfortunate situation so indispensibly required' and, as the lady wrote to the Hudson's Bay Company Secretary in London, 'turned us both pennyless from his door'. In the fall of 1833, while charitably lodged by the landlady's daughter, John died, leaving his accounts much in arrears and his benefactresses in dire straits, unable to get money from the estate even for decent burial: 'having kept the corpse until so offensive as to endanger the health of the family, we have been compelled to apply to the parochial authorities for the means of burial . . . a most heartrending thing to see a young man whose manners were those of the perfect gentleman, and whose connexions were apparently respectable consigned to a scanty grave like the poorest pauper on earth.'

Correspondence over the Vincent estate records the situations of two other Hudson Bay natives in Britain

in less vivid detail. Thomas Vincent Jr evidently lost his Sedgefield clerkship soon after his father's death, was reprimanded by the H B C Secretary, William Smith, in 1834 for his dilatory habits and his neglect of his affairs, and was much in debt by 1835. In May of 1837, his brother James inquired of the Company whether Thomas could be found employment in the fur trade, 'as he is in great distress and wishes to return to Hudson's Bay.' Secretary Smith, perhaps recalling Governor George Simpson's earlier complaints about another brother, clerk John Vincent, responded that there was 'no chance of his obtaining the situation you allude to'.

The Vincent records also refer to a grandson, David Vincent Stewart, son of Harriet Vincent (later Mrs George Gladman) by her first unhappy Hudson Bay marriage. Thomas Vincent had placed the boy in the school run by his son James in 1831, asking that James give him 'as good an education as if he was your own.' David was still there after Vincent's death but his account had gone unpaid, and James in early 1833 took the step of suing H B C Secretary Smith (one of Vincent's executors) for payment. David's career thereafter is unknown; he may have returned to his own father, then living in Canada.

For the last few years of his life, Vincent at least had the advantage of residing in England to supervise the placement of his grandson in school and of his son as a clerk. Numerous other officers were obliged to supervise their children's affairs at a distance. Anxious to provide for their security and well-being the Scots of the former North West Company in particular drew where possible on their often extensive networks of relatives in choosing places to lodge and school their children. But relatives sometimes failed or seemed to fail in their duties (being either over-indulgent or neglectful), and anxious Company fathers who found that their offspring disappointed their hopes and expectations might, correctly or incorrectly, view the relatives involved as responsible. Chief Factor John McDonald, after leaving his children for several years in the care of his brother James in eastern Canada, reacted bitterly against the fur traders' practice of entrusting their children to relatives and favoured placement with non-kin ('strangers') in a letter to his brother dated 27 August 1827:

> Respecting my ordering my children from under your protection; it was a necessary step, and I am only sorry that it was not done 5 years sooner. If so, I should not have the mortification to hear them branded as vagabonds, They were as promising children as ever left this country when they went down and had I then placed them with strangers as others did they would not have turned out otherwise. . . . But they are not the only ones when placed with their relations who turned out in the same manner. Witness Donald McIntosh's Son . . . Mr. McLellan's boys, your cousin John and many others in Lower Canada who were sent to their relations who never did any good.

McDonald went on to assert that fur-trade children 'sent under the care of strangers . . . invariably turned out well', among them a son of John McGillivray schooled for four years near Montreal and 'now one of our first-rate clerks' ; a son of Roderick McKenzie who was three years at Terrebonne (Quebec); Patrick Small Jr, a son of James Hughes; and two sons of Donald McKenzie; a son of Sir Alexander McKenzie; a son of John Dugald Cameron, and finally, 'two sons of Mr. William McGillivray, who are now partners in this Company besides a great number of half breeds from Hudsons Bay who were sent to England to be educated and all have turned out well with the exception of one Joseph Cook and he was sent to his relations . . . the deceased Ranald Cameron's Sons were brought up at their grandfather's at Sorel — and they have turned out to be the greatest vagabonds that ever were in this country. After all these examples and many others . . . how can you presume to tell me but that those children have been spoiled and badly brought up?'

Not enough is known to test the validity of all McDonald's assertions about relatives and 'strangers', but his long North West Company experience probably gave him a broad view of his colleagues' placing practices and their results. In his own case, disputes over his children's upbringing seem to have caused a lasting rift with his kin. Upon McDonald's retirement in 1827, a friend, Donald McIntosh, correctly observed: 'It is a doubt with me if he settles amongst his relations, I am disposed to think that he will settle upon his lands at Lake Simcoe.'

Donald McIntosh himself, whose unfavourable experience in lodging a son with relatives was cited by McDonald above, also faced problems in placing his children, but found that relying upon 'strangers' was not the panacea McDonald had thought. McIntosh placed his younger boys under the guardianship of a minister, Fraser, in eastern Canada. After Fraser died in April 1836, however, McIntosh learned that his trust had seemingly been misplaced:

> By accounts from my relations he did not as the protector of my children acquit himself with that view to the ultimate respectability, which had been my object when I had selected him to superintend their morals & education. He treated them more like menials than like Gentlemen's children & allowed them to go through the country worse clad than the poorest farmers son in the Parish, notwithstanding that I afforded means to Keep them as decently Cloathed as any Country Gentlemen sons in the Neighbourhood.

Further, one son had been obliged to leave school because Fraser had 'neglected to make the necessary remittance for his maintenance and education which is rather strange as he had drawn last summer upon my Agent at Lachine the sum of £70 on my Account.' McIntosh was reluctant to suppose that Fraser had 'any sinister motive for treating my boys as he did' but was most unhappy with the results.

MONTREAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

'Flathead Woman and Child, Caw-wacham' by Paul Kane. In 1836 ailing Company clerk Thomas Dears retired to the St Thomas area with his Flathead Indian wife and children.

One major difficulty facing McIntosh, McDonald, and others was that traders long absent in the Northwest did not have many options in placing their children. Even after ordering his children from his brother's care, John McDonald was still obliged to ask James for other aid in placing his sons Donald and Angus in some respectable employment. They would be assisted, he hoped, by Governor Simpson's support and patronage:

> If Donald can be reclaimed I wish he would attend schooling at Williamstown with his brother all winter there to study writing and accounts. . . . [Governor Simpson] promised to me . . . that he would give him a passage up in his canoe . . . for God's sake let him exert himself this winter . . . that he may be able to hold some situation above the laboring class. . . . Tell Donald that I expect he will behave himself so as to meet the Governor's approbation. . . . Mr. Simpson has also promised to try his endeavors to find some situation for [Angus] . . . His whole study must be to please his employers and to learn whatever is useful with Commercial Concerns.

James no longer had the boys directly in his care, but John McDonald still depended upon him to see that they were prepared to impress a potentially more valuable advocate and protector, George Simpson, 'a true Highlander from Ross-shire and one to whom I am under many obligations.' The help of Simpson or some similarly well-situated person was invaluable in solving problems of placing, and could play a critical role in any young man's advancement, as John McDonald well knew.

The suitable placing of children was not only a matter of duty and of laying a basis on which family social standing could be maintained, but also a form of insurance in case of a trader's death. Several traders' wills specified guardians and schooling arrangements for minor children. When Chief Trader Alexander McTavish died in December 1832, he left as heirs two native-born sons. One of these, Donald, was 'Yet in the country' but in the case of his father's death, was 'to be sent to the Highlands of Scotland, and educated along with his Brother Duncan who is now there, both to live with their Grandmother till they arrive at an age capable of providing for themselves.' After McTavish's death, the grandmother and a cousin took charge of the boys' affairs and their schooling. Unlike some old North Westers' relatives, McTavish's cousin took his duties seriously; nor did he challenge payment of part of the estate to 'the Widow in the Bay.' In 1837 he even opened some communication with her, regarding 'how her children have been attended to'.

He also took on the task of finding the boys proper employment. A letter of 8 December 1837 asked the advice of H B C Secretary Smith regarding the older boy, now done with education: 'I am at a very great loss what employment he should follow, and have often thought of consulting you . . . whether there might be any probability of getting him to Hudsons Bay . . . I believe he has a great inclination to return to his native country — but . . . I am a stranger to any of the partners or Directors of the Company.' Smith replied that the youth might apply, but added that he must 'candidly state that it may be some years before he attains an appointment, as there are already many applicants . . . if I may be permitted to give an opinion I would recommend both the Lads to be made Tradesmen in preference to Clerks, the market being completely overstocked with the latter.' In June 1838, the boys' guardian informed Smith that he had accepted this advice and had entered Duncan 'to be a Cabinetmaker in Inverness, thinking it the most profitable trade to which I could bind him.' By June 1839, however, both young men had taken up a more clerkly 'line of profession.' Donald was 'in a writers office in Inverness.' Duncan 'shewed a great inclination to go to New South Wales, which I encouraged and have taken him with myself for a year to be instructed in the management of different kinds of stock'. Under the continuing care of their cousin and grandmother, both boys eventually seemed to enter secure livelihoods.

It is usually more difficult to trace the careers of daughters than of sons who went to Britain or Canada; their placement did not require discussion of trades or

livelihoods. And it is probable that fewer daughters than sons travelled outside the fur-trade country in the first place; many married young and remained in Red River or at the posts. Some fathers, however, favoured educating both sons and daughters in Canada or Britain. The two daughters of Chief Factor Alexander Christie both travelled to Britain for schooling, where 'kind friends' watched over 'their health and education'. One daughter later married a cabinetmaker in Edinburgh; the other married John Black, Red River recorder and judge, in 1845 during her father's governorship of that colony.

After the death of Chief Trader Alexander Roderick McLeod in 1840, his three youngest daughters resided in Canada, as had an older sister before them. There was some dispute over their education at this point. Governor Simpson evidently inquired of a Roman Catholic convent in Montreal whether they, although Protestant, might be accepted there, and was informed by the Lady Superior that there would not be 'the least objection to the admission of the Young Ladies in question if recommended by a Gentleman of your Standing. Their Creed . . . is by no means an obstacle.' Others argued, however, that they would be better off and better educated in the hands of a Mrs Kendall in Quebec, with whom they had already lodged. The eldest sister, Eliza, aged sixteen, herself wrote to Simpson, 'I feel much hurt at the thought of a removal as we are very happy here and I cannot bear the thought of a nunnery as we [would be] shut out from any of the duties of our religion and obliged to conform to the catholic worship'. The girls thus remained in Quebec, but Eliza soon died of 'an inveterate cough she had brought from the Indian country'. Former North Wester James McKenzie wrote Simpson that she was buried 'along side of my deceased children'. Her younger sisters remained with Mrs Kendall for some years thereafter and apparently did not return to the Northwest.

From the 1830s on, still more officers' children were travelling to Upper and Lower Canada rather than Britain for schooling and employment. These offspring often found themselves in a somewhat different social situation from those sent to the British Isles. In the British context, such children were apparently few enough and sufficiently dispersed that they did not suffer distinction as a racial category. After 1820 or so, of course, many of them were of less than half-Indian ancestry and not highly distinctive in physical appearance. It also seems that, if schooled in Britain for several years, they could gain acceptance both in their formal qualifications and in their social behaviour as members of the British middle classes, despite some difficulties of adjustment. A few, such as Alexander Kennedy Isbister, educator and advocate of the people of Red River, went on to distinguish themselves as energetic and productive individuals.

PAC

Jane L'Adamar, a mixed-blood girl (sometimes known as 'Susan: a Swampy Cree half-breed') photographed at Red River by H. L. Hime in 1858. She, and many other daughters of traders, married young and remained in fur-trade country.

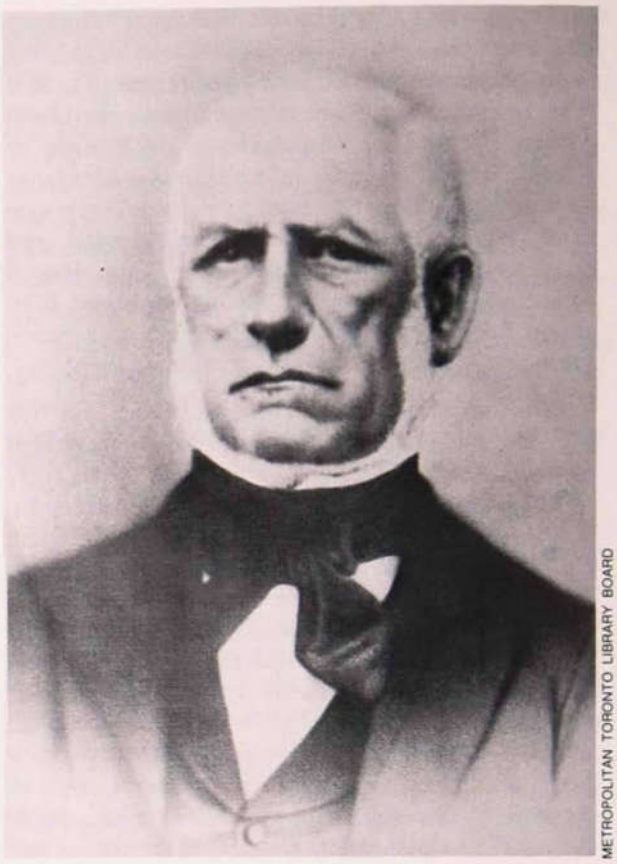
Conditions varied somewhat for those offspring sent to Canada. Growing numbers of these children clustered in communities to which older Canadian and North West Company traders had already retired — Montreal, Terrebonne, and Williamstown, for example. In communities long dominated by the fur trade, these offspring were accepted as a normal presence, and known by the old French-Canadian terms, *Métis* and *(bois) brulés*. In other more agricultural settlements, the arrivals of individuals of part-Indian descent from the fur-trade country of the far Northwest were novel events. The small Ontario town of St Thomas in the 1830s witnessed the arrivals of several Hudson's Bay Company offspring who were probably conspicuous and strange to the local populace, and it appears that they faced some problems in certain cases.

The fur-trade offspring sent to St Thomas beginning in the 1830s were the children of associates of Edward Ermatinger who had joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1818 and retired from the service in 1830 to become a prosperous banker with a white wife and family. Ermatinger was the brother of another Company clerk, Francis, who retired to St Thomas in 1858, and the friend and correspondent of several

other officers. He was one of few persons to whom Hudson's Bay men could turn for advice about schooling their children or settling their families in Canada, and for many years he acted as consultant and confidant on his former colleagues' familial and financial problems and took under his care several of their children. His brother Francis had, for example, a native-born son, Lawrence, born about 1828. This son, said to be sickly and a little deaf, was placed in the Ermatinger home in St Thomas for care and education.

In the 1830s Ermatinger became involved in aiding the English-born clerk Thomas Dears and his native-born family. Dears first wrote to Ermatinger in 1831, inquiring whether the latter might act as his agent in locating and purchasing farmland that would upon his retirement allow him to 'by my own Industry keep my head above water and secure myself and Children a wholesome meal of food'. Upon completing these arrangements, Dears retired to the St Thomas area in 1836, but in an ailing condition. His colleague John Tod, observing him at Norway House near Lake Winnipeg, wrote to Ermatinger: 'it is really melancholy to see poor Dears — here with a flat head [Flathead Indian] wife, a family of fine children and himself quite helpless with the gout.' Later Tod expressed his relief 'that poor Dears had reached you in safety with his family, and is likely to take root and thrive under your wing, he talks feelingly of your kindness to him'. By March 1840 Dears had died, however, and Ermatinger doubtless assumed an important role in the care of his dependent family. The 1860-61 census of St Thomas listed a Mary Dears as a servant aged twenty-five, and the cemetery of the Anglican Church at St Thomas attended by the Ermatingers contains the grave of Joseph Thomas Dears, aged twenty-three, who died in 1858; both were presumably children of this unfortunate clerk.

Ermatinger also provided advice and aid to his old colleague John Tod and members of his family. In 1831, Tod was considering plans to retire to Canada 'where my savage habits and mode of life will be less under . . . observance and where my liberty is not likely to be hemmed in by Game laws, and where also a few hundreds would put me upon a par with some of my neighbours'. Tod eventually settled in British Columbia in the 1850s; but in the 1840s he acquired land near St Thomas, to be cleared by a brother newly emigrated from England. It was also Tod's plan that his son James, by a country wife from whom he had separated, should help to work the farm. Upon the occasion of James leaving the Northwest in 1841 for that purpose, Tod described him as 'an able and willing lad — and tolerably efficient either as a ploughman or ploughmaker . . . I have his welfare very much at heart, and on his success depends a good deal of my own happiness'.



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Edward Ermatinger, who provided assistance to several of his former HBC colleagues and to their children sent to St Thomas for schooling and employment.

A later letter, however, expressed reservations about this plan and about James's abilities, and asked further assistance if required: 'You will not find him a bright character, he has however been represented to me as having little of the general character of his country men but a well disposed hard working lad . . . should you be of opinion he can do better by working at his trade (a carpenter) than on the farm, with his Uncle, perhaps you can find him employment'. This Ermatinger was apparently obliged to do, for James and his uncle 'could not agree'.

Tod's letter of 20 March 1843 indicates that James had his own ties to the Northwest and did not adjust happily to life in St Thomas, and that Ermatinger must have had continuing responsibilities in the matter:

> I should be very glad if he would stick to his trade, and get reconciled to the place but I doubt if anything short of matrimony will do the last — he thinks, am told, he has been treated with cruelty because he has not been made a gentleman! I am sorry he should entertain such an erroneous impression, for God knows, all my plans hitherto with him, have been with a view to his ultimate good — if he carries on a correspondence with his relations in Red River, as I suspect, he well never be satisfied till he gets back once more amongst them, in this case it would be an act of humanity to suppress the correspondence.

James finally left St Thomas for the Northwest, and later settled near his father in the Columbia district. ◆

Part Two to be published in Spring 1978.

Captain Wilfred 'Wop' May, one of the pioneer bush pilots whose exploits were avidly followed by the author as a boy in the 1930s. From a portrait by Kathleen Shackleton, 1937.

By Carl J. Buchanan

The author has written extensively on homesteading in Alberta during the depression years.

"By the Seat of the Pants"

OUR ALBERTA HOMESTEAD lay about midway on the air route between Edmonton and Lac la Biche, and all during the depression years of the thirties, the small bush planes that opened up the North were a common sight to us. They flew over our log shack, following a string of lakes; thus they were never far from a landing place in time of trouble.

I was always fascinated by those little airplanes and every time one flew over I watched until it disappeared in the distance and wondered where it might be headed this time: Fort Chipewyan or Yellowknife, or maybe even to far-off Great Bear Lake or Aklavik. I speculated as to who might be piloting the little craft: Punch Dickens, perhaps, or Wop May on his way to Coppermine or Fort Simpson to bring out some trapper who was sick, or off to Fitzgerald with a batch of serum to combat an outbreak of diphtheria, or just up to Yellowknife to haul a load of gold.

I used to wish fervently, as the plane roared overhead, that it would have engine trouble and be forced to land on our field so that I could invite the pilot in for a cup of coffee, and while he was thus occupied I would give his plane a thorough inspection. At long last, on one bitterly cold winter day, it happened. As one of the little planes passed overhead, and we children were all out in the yard watching, as usual, the engine started to misfire.

The plane banked sharply and turning south, headed for a large lake which lay some two miles away. Within a minute or two it had disappeared over the tops of the trees on the hills that encircled the lake, its engine coughing and sputtering all the way. We all started for the lake of course, for we were keen to have a close look at a flying machine and its crew. It was hard going. The snow was knee-deep and it took the better part of an hour before we arrived on the ice where the plane had come to a stop. The fuel line had frozen up, the pilot told us, but they had succeeded in thawing it out, and were almost ready to take off again.

I was disappointed with the appearance of the little plane, for it was about as decrepit a flying machine as

This Fairchild 71C, grounded for repairs at Cross Lake, Alberta, c. 1936, is similar to the 'fish-hauling kite' that provided the author with his first close look at a bush plane.

one could imagine. It looked somewhat like a lame turkey that had been caught out in a severe storm, rather than the sleek beautiful craft I had expected to see. It was old and battered and weather-beaten; its fabric was stained and dirty, and the skis looked as though they might fall off at any moment. When all was ready for take-off, the pilot climbed aboard, and the mechanic inserted a crank into an opening in the engine and commenced to crank furiously. After a few moments, just as the mechanic was about to run out of steam, the propeller gave a quarter-turn and the motor belched uncertainly.

At this encouraging sign the mechanic increased the revolutions on his crank. The motor belched again, harder this time, and suddenly, as though having at last fully made up its mind, burst into a full-throated, authoritative roar. The exhausted mechanic tossed his crank into the cabin and climbed aboard.

As the pilot opened the throttle the little plane trembled and shook, but even after the motor was screaming at wide-open throttle the craft steadfastly refused to budge. The reason for this, we soon learned, was that the skis had frozen to the snow. The pilot opened the cockpit door and shouted to us to jump on the skis to break them loose and to take hold of the wing-tips and help turn the plane around into the wind for take-off. We leaped in enthusiastically and broke the grip of frost on the skis and then pushed mightily on the wings.

Slowly the craft came around, until the skis were on the same track they had come in on, whereupon the pilot opened the throttle wide and all but buried us in a whirling avalanche of snow. By the time the air had cleared the plane was a fast-disappearing speck in the northern sky.

I had observed, while standing alongside the little plane on the lake, that the cockpit door lacked any handle, but had instead a length of haywire which was no doubt wound around something inside the cabin after the door had been closed. I also noted that even after the door had been secured with the haywire that there was a sizeable crack around the top of the door. No wonder, I reflected, those fellows had to wear heavy clothing. Their destination, they had informed us, was Lac la Biche where they were going to get a load of whitefish.

As we trudged homeward through the deep snow it occurred to me that I now had a good idea of what was meant by the expression 'flying by the seat of the pants'.

I had always dreamed of someday, somehow, having a ride in one of those bush planes, but there was

nothing that could have persuaded me to climb aboard the rickety old crate that I saw that winter day. I would have regarded a trip in that machine as an unpleasant invitation to suicide. I still longed to have a ride in a bush plane of course, but I resolved that it would have to be a plane that looked as though it had a chance of holding together while I was airborne.

I did not believe in the old saying that beggars can't be choosers. I was more inclined to believe that if one wanted something badly enough, and just waited it would come to pass and at last, several years later, my dream did come true.

In the winter of 1940 I was working for a neighbour of ours, a widow, Mrs Bob Toane, whose homestead was on the shore of another small lake in the district. The day, in early February, was heavily overcast with a raw south-east wind and intermittent snow flurries. Although the thermometer only registered about ten degrees below zero the icy wind and blowing snow made for thoroughly disagreeable weather, and the lowering clouds were not far above the high hills on each side of the valley in which the lake lay. Dusk was starting to settle over the valley as I bustled about doing the evening chores.

Directly in front of the house a high hill rose steeply for several hundred feet, its top barely visible in the heavy overcast. Suddenly there was an ear-shattering roar, and a large plane hurtled overhead, almost scaring me out of my wits. It swung over the valley which was a little more than a quarter of a mile wide and, banking steeply, turned and roared back over the house, so low that its undercarriage almost brushed the tree-tops. I watched in horror, for it looked as though it would crash into the side of the hill. Luckily it missed the hill with a few feet to spare, and went roaring on up the valley. Once again it turned and came into the wind for a landing on the lake. I started for the lakeshore on the run. Mrs Toane who had come out to the lake to watch, called after me to bring all the crew home for supper. She was a kind and generous soul — one of the most gracious women it has ever been my good fortune to know.

By the time I had covered the quarter-mile to the lakeshore, the craft had taxied close to shore and four men were standing on the ice: the pilot, whose name was Alf Caywood, his co-pilot, and two passengers. They had become lost in the heavy overcast, they told me, and were running short of fuel. Luckily they had spotted the lake through a hole in the clouds, right at the crucial moment, and had dived through to land on the lake. They were very, very happy to have gotten down, for darkness was coming on fast. The pilot asked me where we were located, and I pointed out the lake on his map.

The distance to Edmonton was about seventy air miles, he said. They had intended to refuel at Lac la Biche, but the heavy overcast had prevented this and they had flown on, hoping to make Edmonton but with the fuel running low and the lake beneath, they welcomed the chance to get down to earth. Now, he explained, they had a problem on their hands. They had carefully measured the gas in the tanks with a stick, and decided that they might have enough to reach Edmonton, but they did not have any gasoline for the torches which were used to heat the engine oil and the engine the next morning before taking off. Without these torches, getting the engine started in the bitter cold was out of the question.

While they discussed their problem I gave the craft a thorough inspection. She was a beautiful ship of gleaming aluminum with a wing-span of about sixty feet and a large cabin with seats for eight passengers. She was not dirty and oil-stained as the other plane I had seen, but clean and sleek with a huge powerful-looking engine and a metal propeller which I calculated must be close to ten feet across. This was a plane that I would ride in without hesitation, I quickly decided. My mind whirled with frantic speed as I realized that maybe, just maybe, my dream might come true.

This big silver ship belonged to Canadian Airways, one of the larger airlines flying out of Edmonton into the North. While I inspected the aircraft the mechanic busied himself draining the oil out of the engine into two five-gallon cans. Then he proceeded to cover the entire nose of the plane with a canvas shroud which hung down to the surface of the ice like a tent. After the canvas was in place he piled snow around the outer edges to hold it secure. When the plane was bedded down for the night Alf Caywood climbed aboard and contacted Edmonton on the radio to let them know where the plane was down, and that the passengers and crew were safe.

By this time another resident of the area had arrived on the scene — a man by the name of Collins who lived in a log cabin not far from the lakeshore. I told him that Mrs Toane had invited everyone to her house for supper, and he immediately volunteered to put the pilot and co-pilot up for the night in his cabin. He lived nearer to the plane and it would be an advantage for the co-pilot in getting it ready for take-off the next morning. So we all trooped off to the Collins's cabin, taking turns lugging the two heavy cans of oil.

About an hour later we were seated around Mrs Toane's kitchen table enjoying a meal of venison steaks, home-made bread, and a variety of vegetables. Caywood declared that he wouldn't mind being forced down every day if he could always find that kind of hospitality. I told them that if they had set down sooner, on one of the numerous lakes they had passed in the storm, they would have been in a bad situation. Ours was the first outpost on the edge of civilization. This line of talk again brought us around to the question of the fuel that was needed to get the aircraft

On floats for summer landings, a bush plane that logged many miles of northern flying, rests on the beach of Great Slave Lake.

ready for take-off in the morning. The pilot asked me if I knew of any solution to the problem. Fortunately I had one in mind.

My father had a wood-sawing outfit, powered by an old automobile engine and I told the pilot there was a chance he might have a few gallons of gasoline to spare. I said I would go home, a distance of about five miles, and in the event that father didn't have any fuel on hand, I could go another five miles on and buy gasoline at a little country store. I would go by horse and toboggan and try to get the vital supply of fuel but, I pointed out, it was a miserable night to be out and I felt that if I performed this service, they should allow me to fly with them to Edmonton.

Alf Caywood looked surprised. 'You mean you'd like to fly to Edmonton? How will you get back home?'

'Well' I told him 'I'll take the train as far as Waskateneau and then walk the rest of the way. It's only 18 miles.'

He slapped me a terrific clout on the shoulder 'Boy, if you want an airplane ride that much you've got it. You just get us that gas.'

I was walking on air when I went out to the barn to fetch the horse and hitch him to my 'toboggan'. This piece of equipment was about as primitive as any that has ever been devised. It consisted of a length of board about twelve feet long; two boards about eight inches in width were nailed to the sides and another short piece was nailed across the back end for a backrest. The brake was a piece of two-by-four lumber about sixteen inches in length that was nailed through its centre to the right side. When I pulled back on the stick, the curved piece of iron on its lower end dug into the surface of the road and served as a brake on steep hills. As the horse began to trot, I was subjected to a constant barrage of flying snow, the volume and velocity being in proportion to the speed of the horse.

It took the better part of an hour to reach my father's place, where I crawled stiffly out from beneath the mound of snow in my toboggan and rushed inside to have an interview with the air-tight heater and mother's coffee-pot.

I was overjoyed to find that father did have a few gallons of gasoline to spare. He filled a five-gallon can with the precious fluid and put it on my toboggan while I was defrosting myself in the kitchen. My parents of course voiced their misgivings at great length about my foolhardiness in risking my life, as they saw it, on that bush plane next morning. Father emphatically declared that the only doggone way he would consider flying was if he still had one foot on the ground. As I set out on the return trip my fleet-footed plough-horse seemed to share my excitement, and I sped down the trail in a deluge of flying snow, gripping the can of gasoline tightly between my knees and praying that the lurching pile of lumber I was riding wouldn't upset and spill any of the precious fuel. As I sped along, I felt that I was every bit as important as Wop May when he delivered serum to Aklavik.

The co-pilot was up and about long before sun-up next morning, and when we all arrived at the plane about nine o'clock, it was almost ready for take-off. The two cans of oil had been heated over the fire-pots and were ready to pour back into the engine. He then took one of the fire-pots and disappeared inside the canvas shroud which covered the nose of the aircraft. There he proceeded to warm the engine. The heated oil was poured into the engine, the canvas shroud was removed, and pilot Alf Caywood hit the starter. The engine coughed and sputtered a few times and then burst into a full-throated roar. Everyone cheered. The plane shook from stem to stern, appearing eager to be airborne. The fire-pots, oil cans, and canvas shroud were hastily stowed away and we all climbed aboard promptly; Pilot Caywood did not dare to use any of his meagre supply of fuel in warming up the engine. We had to taxi to the lake's far end, a distance of perhaps a mile, in order to take off into the wind; this would warm the engine enough for take-off.

A Junkers aircraft, similar to the 'beautiful ship of gleaming aluminum' that carried young Carl Buchanan into Edmonton Industrial Airport on the most exhilarating ride of his life.

Our ascent from that frozen lake that cold February morning was an experience that in no way I would ever wish to repeat.

The lake's entire surface from end to end was a wavy succession of snow-drifts, which lay on the diagonal to our line of travel. As the aircraft gathered speed on the take-off run, our skis sped over these drifts on an angle. The plane commenced to wobble and sway from side to side with increasing momentum and I watched the wing-tips in horrified fascination as they dipped and swayed nearer and nearer to the hard-packed snow. Just a little further, I thought in panic, and my first airplane flight would end in a jarring crash and a storm of flying aircraft parts and bodies. But as our speed increased the pounding of the skis gradually diminished, and suddenly we were airborne. I had observed that my two seatmates had also been eyeing the dipping wings and I noted with satisfaction that they had not enjoyed the experience either.

Now a glance ahead started my worry mechanism functioning all over again, for we were rapidly out of lake, and I wondered if we would clear the first of the tall trees on our course. I watched with great anxiety as we sped toward them, and as we flashed by over their tops I could have sworn they leaped three feet into the air in a murderous attempt to snatch us out of the sky. My two companions roared with laughter as I cringed and instinctively pulled my feet upward from the floor. But thankfully, the engine never missed a beat, and we gradually climbed higher and higher until, some two miles down the valley, we at last cleared the high surrounding hills and the brisk head wind took hold of our wings and boosted us rapidly to an altitude of 2,500 feet. As we passed over my parents' house I could see the whole family out in the yard waving us on our way. All during the flight to Edmonton I gazed spellbound at the strange new world which unwound a half-mile below. I have since flown in modern air liners, but that short forty-five minute flight in the little bush plane that long-ago day still ranks as the most exhilarating experience of my life. It was well worth the long walk home. ◆

The Reverend Peter Jones, sketched by Eliza, probably in the 1850s.

Peter and Eliza Jones: Their Last Years

By Donald B. Smith

Donald Smith is an assistant professor with the department of history, University of Calgary.

In the Summer 1977 issue, the author told how the Reverend Peter Jones met and married Eliza Field, daughter of a well-to-do London businessman. The account of their early years at the Credit Indian Mission appeared in Autumn 1977; now the author concludes their story with an account of the achievements and disappointments of their final years.

IN MANY WAYS the Reverend Peter Jones, son of Dutch surveyor Augustus Jones and a Mississauga Indian woman, and his English wife were the ideal complement of each other. Before meeting Peter, Eliza's life had been romantically barren. As his letters to her show, he gave her an affection and tenderness that did much to warm her memories of the emotional void of her early years. The refined and cultured Englishwoman quietly returned his love, and gently supported him in his Christian mission work among his mother's people.

The bond between them ran deep. Even when separated for only a few weeks they faithfully wrote to each other. One finds in Eliza's diary, entries like that of 18 April 1838 when a letter of Peter's was tardy in arriving: 'much disappointed at not receiving a letter from my beloved.' If Eliza's letter was late Peter would jestingly write to her as he did on 12 August 1835: 'Much disappointed in not receiving a letter from my dear wife, but like an Indian Chief and stoic I kept my feelings to myself, and hoped for the best.'

They had married late in life; Eliza was 29 and Peter, 31 on the day of their marriage in September 1833. Their union, unlike many before and since, proved an unqualified success. Eliza's greatest gift to Peter was a family of four boys born in quick succession between 1839 and 1847. How he loved to be with them, to play with them, to sit with them around his knees and tell them Indian stories and legends!

Eliza did a great deal to help her husband adjust to the culture and the ways of the white world. Together they worked to improve his English, and discussed his translations of hymns and scripture from English to Ojibwa. When Peter met Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in September 1838 she commented in her diary: 'he speaks English very well, and expressed himself very well.' The Queen's comments were really a tribute to Eliza, who in the first five years of their marriage had helped Peter to become a much more effective and polished speaker in English.

But at the same time that Eliza strengthened Peter, she weakened him — for, as a prisoner of her own background, she would never really understand the Mississauga Indians. While greatly sympathizing with them on account of injustices at the hands of the white settlers in the past, she could not understand why they might wish to remain different from Europeans. She would always believe that the Christian Indians must abandon all their 'old ways' for 'civilization'. For although she had left her upper-middle-class surroundings behind her in England, she had carried those same English upper-middle-class ideals with her to Canada. This would cause problems on the Credit Indian Reserve, particularly after Peter's mission to England in 1838 to secure a title deed to the Mississauga Reserve on the Credit River.

Since his own conversion to the Methodist Episcopal (now United) Church in 1823, Peter had

struggled to help his mother's people adjust to the 'white man's way'. His goal — which after their marriage in 1833 became Eliza's as well — was to teach the Indians the skills by which they could compete as equals with the Europeans. Having gathered the Mississauga converts at a village site on the Credit River, thirteen miles west of Toronto (or York as it was known to 1834), he and his fellow Methodist preachers instructed them in how to clear and plant their fields, to build cabins, and to adapt to a settled way of life. Aided by Eliza, Peter devoted his life to helping his people 'conform to the habits and customs of civilized people'. With the forest on the north shore of Lake Ontario destroyed, the fish and game population sharply reduced, and white farmers everywhere in their ancestral hunting grounds, the Mississauga knew that they had to change. And by 1836 they had.

Ten years after the establishment of the Credit Indians' village in 1826, it was flourishing. The band members who numbered approximately two hundred lived in forty comfortable houses. Many of the one-and-a-half storey homes contained two or three rooms, stone or brick chimneys and, in Peter Jones's words, 'tables, chairs, bedsteads, straw matresses, a few feather beds, window curtains, boxes and trunks for their wearing apparel, small shelves fastened against the wall for their books, closets for their cooking utensils, cupboards for their plates, cups, saucers, knives and forks'. Some of the Indian Christians even had clocks and watches. A few had planted apple, cherry, or pear trees in their gardens. The band had its own oxen, cows, horses, pigs, and poultry. For pasturage and cultivation they had enclosed nearly 1,000 acres (one-third of the reserve). With their own labour they built and communally owned a sawmill, workshop, a blacksmith's shop, and a warehouse. But what they did not have — and which was the most important item of all — was a title deed to their reserve.

The new Governor of Upper Canada, Sir Francis Bond Head, refused to give them a title deed believing that if he did 'they would immediately dispose of their birthrights to designing people for the merest trifle that might be offered to them'. And he had other plans for them. Believing that the attempt to make farmers out of native converts 'has been generally speaking a complete failure', the headstrong Governor (blind to the success of the Credit experiment) proposed on 20 November 1836 that 'the few remaining Indians who are lingering in Upper Canada' be sent to 'The Manitoulin and the other Islands in Lake Huron, or elsewhere towards the North West'.

Bond Head's new policy caused a panic at the Credit. Already Peter and Eliza were concerned by the 'removal policy' of the American government of moving all American Indians in the eastern United States to the west of the Mississippi. Peter's uncle, Head Chief Joseph Sawyer, voiced the tribe's concern; 'If we go to Maneetoolin, we could not live; soon we should be extinct as a people; we could raise no potatoes, corn, pork, or beef; nothing would grow by putting the seed on the smooth rock.'

Eliza Jones at the age of 72. The photograph, taken in 1876, is from the Victoria University Library collection in Toronto.

The band in early October 1837 selected Peter to carry a petition directly to Lord Glenelg, the colonial secretary, and addressed the document to the new Queen herself. In their statement the petitioners explained that they needed a firm title to their lands, as they were 'afraid to clear much ground, because they are told by evil minded persons that their farms can be taken away from them at any time'. Peter left in mid-October 1837, arriving in London in early November. He joined Eliza at her parents' home in Lambeth (she had left Canada a few months before for her first visit with her family since 1833).

Shortly after Peter had left Canada a rebellion (precipitated to a certain extent by Bond Head's administrative incompetence) had broken out in Upper Canada. The aftermath of this conflict with the white settlers and a similar rebellion led by Louis Joseph Papineau in Lower Canada had made it

Queen Victoria was nineteen when she received the 'Indian Chippewa Chief'. Here she rides with her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne (left) and Lord John Russell, the Leader of the House of Commons.

extremely difficult to secure an interview with Lord Glenelg, who had thirty colonies in addition to the troublesome Canadas, to administer. The meeting finally took place in early March 1838, three months after the rebellions in both the Canadas had been suppressed.

What impressed Peter about Glenelg was that he 'listened with attention to the statements made to him'. What Peter did not know was that Glenelg, a vice-president of the powerful Church Missionary Society (a predominantly Church of England missionary organization), was already predisposed to help. Glenelg's concern for the spread of Christianity and the welfare of the native converts instantly drew him to Peter. The colonial secretary had always believed the North American Indian could be converted and civilized. 'Our forefathers the ancient Britons' he told Peter 'were once as barbarous as the North American Indians are; and as Christianity has made our nation what it is, surely it will do the same for the Indian tribes.' Glenelg wanted to help and promised to work to secure title deeds for the Christian Indian settlements in Upper Canada.

Eliza and Peter rejoiced. He spent his last months in Britain undertaking a lengthy speaking tour to raise money for the Canadian mission work. Throughout Cornwall he attracted huge crowds; at Penzance, for example, the Falmouth *Packet* reported: 'The chapel was crowded to excess long before five o'clock the hour appointed for the meeting, and scores of persons were obliged to go away unable to get admission.' At Bristol hundreds, including his own wife, could not obtain seats in the crowded St Philip's Chapel to hear him. In Leeds hundreds again were left outside as the chapel holding 3,500 persons was filled to capacity and could not accommodate any more. From England Peter went to Ireland, and passed through Scotland. Throughout the British Isles the novelty of an Indian preacher brought out huge congregations.

The crowning point of Peter's visit was his interview with the Queen. Glenelg had probably first scheduled it for late July, for Eliza recorded in her diary on 18 July: 'at home all day preparing Peter for an interview with the Queen.' But it was later postponed until 14 September 1838. Finally the day arrived, and Peter left for Windsor Castle.

That morning Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, discussed with the young 19-year-old Queen, England's new commercial treaty with Turkey, guiding her through the dispatches from Constantinople. Then shortly after twelve Glenelg appeared to inform the Prime Minister that the North

American Indian had arrived. The colonial secretary asked Lord Melbourne what dress he thought the Indian should wear when he appeared before the Queen. He told the Prime Minister what Peter had informed him, that his Indian costume was not 'like the Highland dress, but that it was a perfect covering.' But Melbourne, fearing any impropriety, advised a cautious policy — that he appear in his English dress.

But now Glenelg was curious. Returning to the room where he had left Peter he asked him to bring his Indian costume from the inn where he was staying. When he came back Glenelg saw that it was, in fact, a 'perfect covering' and counselled him to wear it. The colonial secretary gave him the use of his room at the castle. Twenty minutes later Peter emerged. Now it was shortly after three o'clock. Away they went, through numerous halls and rooms to the antechamber of the white drawing room. Then in Peter's words 'the doors were thrown open, and we saw Her Majesty standing about the centre of the drawing-room, with two Ladies standing a little behind, and four or five Lords.'

For the young Queen, whose coronation had taken place only three months before, the interview would have provided a welcome break from the tedious scanning of the lengthy letters and dispatches from Constantinople. In her diary she carefully described the 'Indian Chippewa Chief — who is a Xtian and came with a Petition'. The monarch, who was only 5'2" in height, wrote that her visitor was 'a tall, youngish man', who wore 'his National dress, which is entirely of leather; leather leggings; etc.' When they first met Victoria noted: 'He kissed my hand'. (How many times in advance had Peter practised that gesture with Eliza?)

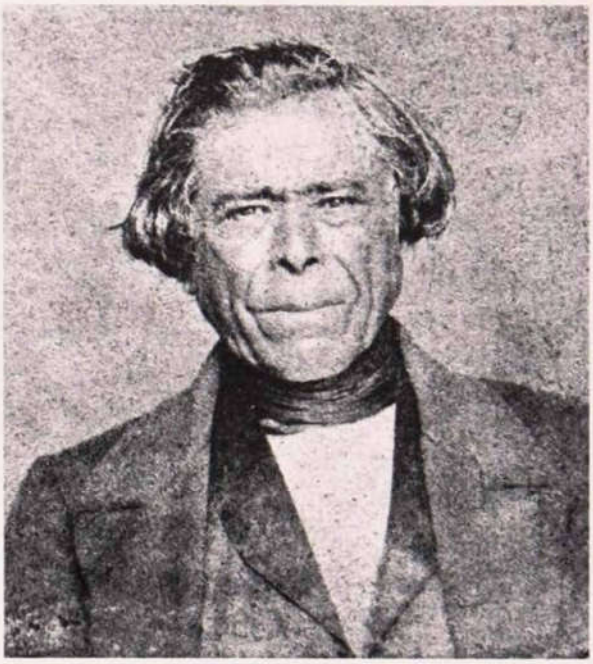
Although the interview was only a few minutes long Peter would never forget it. On his return home he excitedly told Eliza all about his afternoon and she noted many of the details in her diary. Into his sovereign's hands, he began, he had placed the petition. Then he explained the wampum chain attached to the document: that the white symbolized their 'loyal and good feeling' toward Her Majesty and her government, but that the black wampum 'was designed to tell Her Majesty, that their hearts were troubled on account of their having no title deeds for their lands.' The Queen smiled, he added, and appeared pleased to hear that Lord Glenelg had already granted 'the prayer of the petition'.

Peter was mesmerized by the power of his wife's country. By the 1830s Britain had become the wealthiest and most powerful country in the world. The population of the British Isles at 25 million was still greater than that of the United States and British North America combined (London alone had approximately the same population as British North America — two million). And Britain was the vanguard of progress — both moral and economic. It had led the world in abolishing the slave trade, and ending slavery in its colonies. Now it pioneered the new railway age, linking the country tightly together with iron rails.

'Fir Grove', a thirty-acre estate near Windsor Castle, was the home of Eliza's younger brother, John. Eliza recorded her visit to the 'magnificent house and grounds' in a diary entry of 1874.

As he travelled through Britain Peter marvelled at the nation's rural strength — its fairs and markets, its fat cattle, and its fields tilled, in many cases, for over fifty generations. When he and Eliza passed through Worcestershire in early May and saw the orchards in bloom, he commented that it was 'one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw'. 'When' he asked himself in his diary 'will my poor native land assume such a garden of paradise?'

There was, of course, another England. Britain's wealth, based on her rapid industrial growth, had been achieved only by paying a very high price. The living conditions in the new factory towns of the north and midlands were terrible. Undernourished children of seven or eight worked in coal mines. Women were old and infirm by the age of 30 after two decades of unhealthy work in cotton mills. Men could be seen in the streets with crooked legs or twisted shoulders from working for years in cramped quarters in mines or dangerous industrial jobs. But Peter was protected from this reality. In London he lived with his rich in-laws, the owners of a large soap and candle factory, and in the towns he visited he stayed with prosperous Methodists, like the druggist James Wood in Bristol, at whose home he had first met Eliza in 1831. In England Peter lived in Eliza's upper-middle-class world, and after their return to Canada in 1838 she would draw him ever closer to her ideals. When he died in 1856 it was in a home that was the Canadian equivalent of a small English country home.



William Herkimer was leader of those Credit Mission Indians who finally objected to the Jones's attempts to make them into 'brown Englishmen'.

Peter and Eliza's conflict with the Credit Indians really began after their return to Canada in late 1838. Although their domestic happiness would be strengthened by the healthy birth of their first of four sons in April 1839, troubles surfaced in other areas. In February 1839 Lord Glenelg was forced to resign as colonial secretary before his promise of securing title deeds was fulfilled. The Credit Indians' title to their land still remained unrecorded, and thus uncertain. By the mid-1840s it was clear that many Indians at the Credit Mission objected to being made over into 'brown Englishmen' — Peter and Eliza's shared objective.

Although all the two hundred Credit Indians had been nominal Christians in 1826, by the 1830s about one-third had left the church. This group might best be called the 'traditionalists' — those who opposed Peter Jones's attempt to Europeanize them. By 1840 Peter was accustomed to conflict with them and expected it. But in the early 1840s another group arose, and their opposition took Peter and Eliza by surprise. This new party, consisting of perhaps as many as half of the Christian Indians at the Credit, remained in the church but challenged the Jones's efforts to eradicate all the Indian characteristics of the mission, and introduce more and more white codes of behaviour. Peter and his supporters were now in a minority outnumbered by the 'traditionalists' and the hostile Christian faction.

A decade of Christianity and Methodist guidance had not effaced the Indian character of the Credit band. At the mission school the native and white teachers had tried to undermine many traditional beliefs of the Indian children but, after 15 years, even Peter conceded that they had achieved very little. As the pupils lived at home, he wrote in November 1842, the effect of each day's schooling was neutralized each evening by their parents — 'a number of whom are good pious christians, but who nevertheless retain many of their old habits.'

Regardless of their own individual feelings toward the Joneses, about one half of the Indian Christians prepared to resist their directives. This party appears to have centred around William Herkimer who, like Peter, was the son of a white man and a Mississauga woman, but who, unlike Peter, had lived all his life with his mother's people and had married a Mississauga woman.

The root of the conflict between Herkimer and the Joneses was land. A quarter of a century earlier Peter's father, the white surveyor Augustus Jones, had secured the grant of land for his son and Peter still claimed it. In 1835 the band council recognized his claim and gave him sole possession of 100 acres on the basis of the original grant of 1805 to Augustus Jones. But William Herkimer objected to this decision. Like his Indian forefathers Herkimer believed that the chiefs and warriors all must stand on an equal footing,

On his third and final fund-raising tour of Britain, Peter [Kahkewaquonaby] was in poor health and 'heartily tired of begging'.

PROGRAMME OF SOIREE

IN BEHALF OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS,

IN THE TRADES' HALL,

On Thursday Evening, 30th Oct. 1845.

REV. DR. SMYTH IN THE CHAIR.

TEA.

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS.

JOHN DUNLOP, ESQ.
TO INTRODUCE THE INDIAN CHIEF

KAHKEWAQUONABY, THE INDIAN CHIEF,
On the Customs, Manners, Religion, and Superstitions of the RED INDIANS.

REV. DR. KING,
On the Claims of the NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS on our Sympathy and Support.

SERVICE OF FRUIT.

REV. DR. BUCHANAN,
On Native Agency.

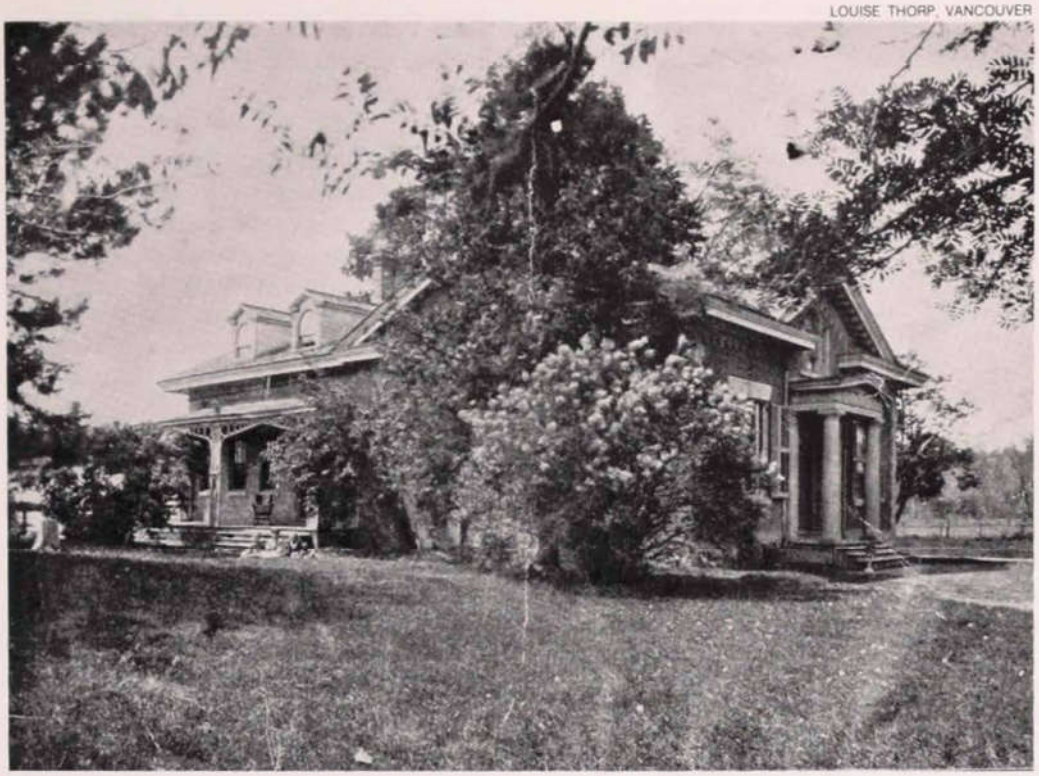
REV. DR. JOHN M'FARLANE,
On the utility of Mechanical Arts, as a handmaid to Christianity, in the Advancement of Civilization.

REV. ANDREW KING,
On the Present Condition of Canada.

REV. DR. EADIE,
On Education, and its special importance with reference to the youth of Heathen Lands.

D. MACDONALD, PRINTER.

LOUISE THORP, VANCOUVER



'Echo Villa' was built by Peter and Eliza Jones near Brantford in 1851. This view shows their home as it was in the mid-1850s close to the time of Peter's death.

and in October 1842 openly said so. All the land must ultimately belong to the band. In reply Peter (undoubtedly encouraged by Eliza who would have objected to the entire concept of communal ownership of land) told Herkimer and his group that they had 'no right to meddle' as he had been granted the land by the council.

William Herkimer had other grievances with the Joneses. Earlier in 1836 the council under Peter's direction had decided to discipline all children who 'ill behaved' on the mission. The Herkimer party registered its protest by refusing to serve on the committee 'to look after the conduct of the children and to punish them whenever they deserve it by whipping them'. The Herkimer group also opposed the second resolution, that James Tobeco (who was William Herkimer's nephew) 'be required to put away his fiddle'.

The attempt to enforce the totally 'unIndian' controls at the mission encouraged a number of Credit Indians to leave. In 1829, Samuel Wahbuneeb had courageously defended before the Indian agent the band's selection of Peter Jones as one of their chiefs. But seven years later Wahbuneeb himself left the reserve. Appointed a chief the previous January he gave up his 'Chief's Medal and flag' and went off to Muncey, an Ojibwa reserve one hundred miles to the west, just south of London. By 1840 the problem of departures had become so serious that Peter and his fellow chief (and uncle), Joseph Sawyer, convened a special meeting of the band to consider the problem. They did not solve it. In 1844 Peter's own cousin, George Henry, or 'Maungwudaus' joined a 'Wild West Show' and left for Europe.

Peter's inability to secure a title deed for the reserve aggravated the problem. Glenelg's promise in 1838 had never been fulfilled because of his discharge in February 1839, and the deeds still had not been granted by the mid-1840s. The band lived through a period of terrible anxiety. As one warrior told council, meeting early in 1847, he was afraid that after he was gone 'his children would be obliged to carry a woodsaw on their backs to saw wood for the white people for a living'. Fortunately later that same year the Six Nations at Brantford offered the Mississauga firm title to a corner of their reserve on the Grand River. That same year Peter led his people to the tract which they renamed 'New Credit', where the band, now over 600 strong, still resides today.

The 1840s was a difficult decade for Peter and Eliza. Peter's health began to deteriorate. He gained considerable weight as a calotype portrait taken in 1845 clearly shows. Discouraged by his poor health Peter stopped for months at a time the keeping of his journal. The only full diary Eliza kept was the record of their visit to Britain in 1845. Peter's third British tour to raise money for the Canadian mission work at first revived him. He drew large audiences in Britain, but the constant travelling soon began to exact its toll on his spirits. On 23 October he wrote to Eliza from Glasgow: 'I am getting heartily tired of begging, and would give anything in my power to have my best

LOUISE THORP, VANCOUVER

Dr Peter Jones (right) worked to improve the health and educational opportunities for the Mississauga at the Credit Mission, and eventually became their head chief.

earthly friend by my side to cheer and comfort my poor heart.'

Throughout his last years Peter, on account of his weakening condition, was forced to take a less active role in mission work. In 1850 his physician ordered him to retire, forbidding him 'to perform his clerical duties or travelling'. Later that year the doctor told Eliza that her husband might 'die any minute', but fortunately he recovered. In 1851 they built a beautiful red brick home which they called 'Echo Villa' on a thirty-acre lot near Brantford, financed, no doubt, by a generous donation from Eliza's father. In her new home Eliza returned to the comfortable surroundings of her childhood. There she and Peter and their four boys spent their last five years together.

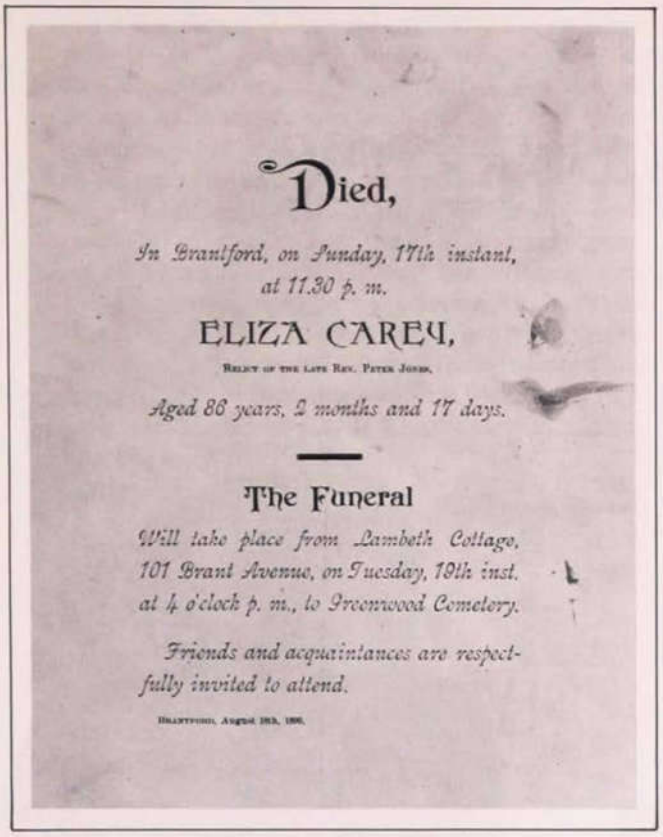
During the last decade of his life the native missionary laboured under considerable hardships. Yet, despite his poor health, he struggled on to the best of his ability. His final illness in December 1855 was itself occasioned by one of his frequent visits over the rough twenty-mile road to New Credit. That December afternoon, after completing the tiring journey in a lumber wagon, Peter felt 'very unwell', but he was determined to attend the council meeting the following day, and refused to return to Brantford. When the meeting was over he rode home, through a drizzling rain. He was obliged to lie down as soon as he reached 'Echo Villa' and his condition progressively declined. Several months later it was apparent that he would not recover, and on 29 June 1856, after a long illness, he died.

In his lifetime Peter Jones accomplished much for his people. Before his conversion to Christianity at the age of twenty-one and his subsequent return to the band, the Mississauga had appeared to be on the verge of complete extinction. The sizeable white immigration into southern Ontario had pushed the Mississauga's world out of its proper equilibrium. The intervention of Peter Jones in the late 1820s and early 1830s had helped the Credit Indians to successfully adjust to the European presence. More than any other single individual, he had been responsible for this transformation. Ironically enough, it was due to his efforts that by the late 1830s and 40s the band was strong enough to resist his pressures for further 'Europeanization'.

When Peter died he was beloved by many of his own people. When the Mississauga were informed in late June 1856 of their chief's rapidly deteriorating condition, a number came immediately from New Credit to his substantial home in Brantford. There over two dozen members of the band, in Eliza's words, 'assembled several times a day in an adjoining room, where they prayed, and sang, and wept aloud'. Peter, then still conscious must have rejoiced to hear the refrains of the old Methodist hymns like 'Let Your Joy Be Known', that he had translated, years before, into Ojibwa.

The behaviour of the New Credit Christians during this crisis betrays the successful blend of their new and their old traditional beliefs. They had indeed come to sing and pray for Peter's recovery, but at the same time to secure for him adequate medical attention. As soon as they arrived and found him to be 'so low' they dispatched a runner to obtain at their own expense 'a noted Indian doctor' who lived at Rice Lake. In spite of their acceptance of many of the white man's ways, the Indian Christians had maintained their faith in the superiority of their own cures over those of the Europeans. What thoughts would have passed through Eliza's mind at this moment? Perhaps for the first time she realized that even the most loyal Indian converts were not just carbon copies of Englishmen, but remained both 'Indians' and 'Christians'.

The attendance at Peter's funeral illustrates the respect in which he was held in both communities. The Toronto *Globe* noted that the funeral procession was the largest 'that has ever been witnessed in Brantford' and included 'upwards of eighty carriages besides a great number of white people and Indians on foot'. As Egerton Ryerson, Peter's close friend for nearly thirty years, stated in the funeral sermon, the native missionary had 'enjoyed the esteem of, and had access to, every class of Canadian society'.



Died,

In Brantford, on Sunday, 17th instant, at 11.30 p. m.

ELIZA CAREY,

Relict of the Late Rev. Peter Jones,

Aged 86 years, 2 months and 17 days.

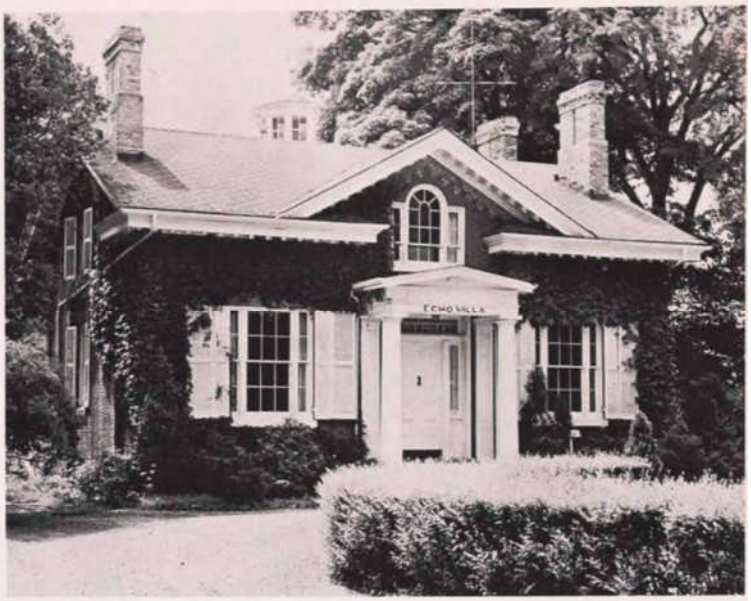
The Funeral

Will take place from Lambeth Cottage, 101 Brant Avenue, on Tuesday, 19th inst. at 4 o'clock p. m., to Greenwood Cemetery.

Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

Brantford, August 18th, 1890.

Notice of the death of Eliza at the age of 86.



'Echo Villa', home of Eliza and Peter Jones at Brantford, as it appears today.

Although she eventually remarried Eliza never again found the happiness that she had enjoyed with Peter. She later wrote that her second husband, a respectable white farmer, lacked Peter's 'natural refinement' and added that her own 'tastes, and feelings and sympathies' could never be 'in union' with his, as they had been with Peter's.

After Peter's death his mission fell to his sons, particularly to the third, his namesake, Peter Edmund. During his last tour to Britain in 1845, Eliza's stepmother had commented on the physical appearance of the three boys. In a letter to her son, Arthur, then in the navy, she wrote: 'The eldest is a fine looking boy *quite* european in his appearance, the second is rather tinged with the indian cast and colour; and the baby is a thorough *indian*!! his Father says he'll beat both the others.' And Peter was right. It was Peter Edmund who alone attended university, and eventually became the head chief of the Mississauga.

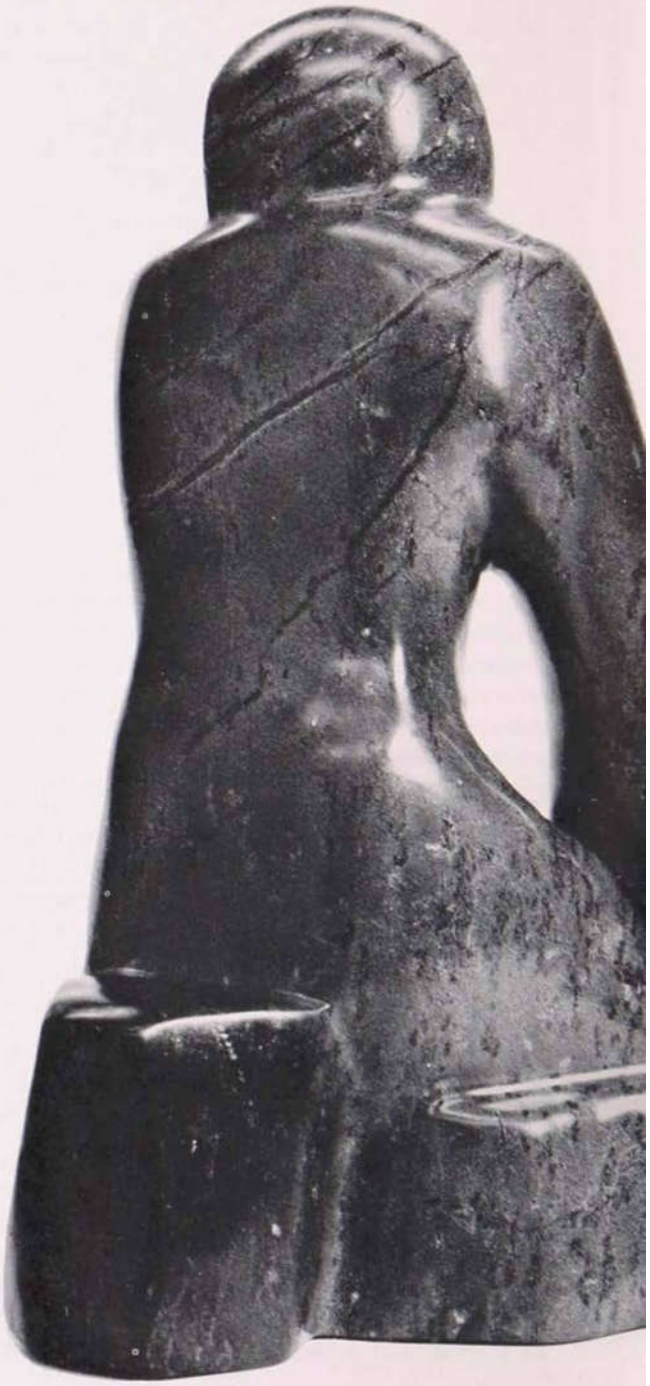
Before Eliza died in 1890 she lived to see Peter's work continued by her son, Peter Edmund. When he became head chief in the late 1870s he led the campaign, fully supported by the band council and the community, for a new council house, an addition to the church, and a modern schoolhouse. The young man, who had trained in the 1860s as a doctor at Queen's University, also served as the community's health officer. As a result of the strict quarantines enforced by the band council, New Credit's infant mortality rate fell. By the 1880s the population had risen to over 250, the highest figure in the last half-century. The reserve, too, continued its agricultural success. The *Handbook of Indians of Canada*, published in 1913, noted that New Credit's Indian inhabitants 'have often won prizes against white competitors at the agricultural fairs'.

Eliza lived to see the federal franchise given the Mississauga and Six Nations. When Sir John A. Macdonald accorded them the vote in 1885 Peter Edmund Jones in jubilation wrote the Prime Minister: 'I now thank you on the part of the memory of my father and on the part of myself, as for many years we advocated and urged this step as the one most likely to elevate the aborigines to a position more approaching the independence of the whites.' This is what Peter and Eliza had struggled for — the raising up of the Indian 'to a position more approaching the independence of the whites.' How this would have pleased her! In her own way she had made herself 'useful' by coming to Canada over fifty years earlier, and marrying the man she loved. ◆

The Sculpture of
TUKIKI OSHAWEETOK

THE TRANSITION in the way of Inuit life which has occurred over the past twenty or thirty years has been nothing short of a culture shock which has left the people confused, the young no less than the old. Perhaps something of this confusion is reflected in more recent carvings and prints which often lack the power, the certainty, the conviction of earlier work. The traditional subject matter — *Man at Seal Hole, Hunter at the Floe Edge,* or *Drum Dance,* when it appears in the future, or perhaps even now, will be based upon the recollections of the older artists or upon stories told to the young. When I asked Tukiki Oshaweetok the title of his sculpture of two men supporting a sphere he said it is *Two Men Holding the Computer of Knowledge* — a far cry from the floe edge and the snow house.

Obviously the transition from a nomadic to a technological society has not proceeded at the same pace across the Arctic, but at this point the process seems to be inevitable. However, a sudden outpouring of new imagery, reflecting the new way of life, cannot be expected. The strength of the Inuit is such that they do not and will not easily abandon the old culture and the old imagery. However, it seems to be a certainty that new images will eventually emerge provided that the talent which so obviously exists is intelligently nurtured. We cannot anticipate the precise form and content of the new imagery but to look at the work of Tukiki Oshaweetok is perhaps to find a clue as to future directions.



John Robertson, as founder and director of the Robertson Galleries in Ottawa, marketed Inuit art from 1953 to 1976. He served five years on the Canadian Eskimo Arts Council, is now consultant in the visual arts, and president of the Professional Art Dealers Association of Canada.

It is significant to know that Tukiki is not yet thirty years of age, that he has lived for a brief period in the South but has returned to the North, and that he perhaps understands the concept of 'Art', for which there is no word in the Inuit language. He speaks freely of his sculpture and of his concepts. In his best work there is nothing tentative, but a conviction and a certainty of attack, and there is a strength and simplicity which reflects, although in a different form, the best work of his father's generation. To the degree that his work might be termed 'abstract' it can also be termed 'contemporary'. But it has retained an unmistakable Eskimo quality. Thus Tukiki's work is truly transitional; he may well be the forerunner for a new and exciting Inuit imagery.

John K. B. Robertson, Ottawa

In each one of my carvings, I show human forms that are universal to all races, for I believe that man is universal and that one man is equal to another all around the world. I see the difficulties that come when one race tries to make another less than it is. I want my work to say that it is best for all men to live together in peace and to think of each other as people and not as different races.

I try to see myself in my carvings and try to understand how I fit into the universe. These thoughts and feelings about myself and mankind develop while I am shaping and polishing my carvings.

I hope that those who see my finished work will feel what I am feeling: that men should be together like brothers, and have understanding and compassion for each other.

Tukiki Oshaweetok, Coral Harbour, March 13, 1977.

I am going to talk about Tukiki's carvings.

I told Tukiki to carve some soapstone, but he did not get to it right away. Later on he started carving on his own. He carved things that do not mean anything at all. I ask him why he was carving like that and he replied that he was going to do his carving his own way. He did not want to carve the same as other Inuit. His carvings were going to be different from others. He would carve to express the thoughts that were in his mind.

His carvings are liked even by the white people and the Inuit.

Also I am happy about Sangari, who is my younger son. I feel myself that he is a better carver than his brother Tukiki. He is learning to carve by watching me. I have never forced him or asked him seriously to carve, but by himself he is learning. His first carving was finished in 1973 and he sold it for $16.00. I am sure he will keep on carving.

Even the young boys are starting to make carvings here in Cape Dorset. I am hoping that they will be serious about this work.

Oshaweetok, Cape Dorset, December 30, 1977.

The father of Tukiki is highly regarded as a sculptor and graphic artist.

Photographs by John Evans, Ottawa.

St John's Anglican Church, York Factory

The church has been slowly deteriorating since the Hudson's Bay Company closed down York Factory in June 1957, after 275 years of continuous trading. Its stained glass window has been removed to St. Paul's Anglican Church at Churchill, Manitoba, where it is inscribed as the 'Lady Franklin Window . . . a memorial to her husband and to the 40 groups who took part in the search for him'.

Arctic Steeples

Paintings, sketches and text by H. Albert Hochbaum

FUR TRADING in the Central and Western Arctic did not gather volume until the first decades of this century. In the rude beginnings, a trader and his helper were beached on a wilderness shoreline with their goods. By the first ice, all was in order within a small structure. Soon the Inuit came to visit. They helped winterize the post with blocks of snow . . . and enjoyed strange and wonderful conveniences.

Missionaries often followed within a year or two. Sometimes the Anglicans were first; sometimes the Roman Catholics. Both the new religion and the old religion of the Inuit taught of brotherly love, calmed fears, and supported the family. Both tempered, but could not control emotions . . . nor could they stem outbursts of loving or hateful passion.

Through the 1930s and 1940s, the Canadian Arctic remained an isolated, mysterious land, drawing little interest from the mainstream of civilization. The traders made their headquarters in London, recruiting manpower in Scotland. The Anglican missionaries came mainly from England; the Catholics, from France and Belgium. When they went on furlough, most experienced southern Canada only during their brief stopovers in Toronto or Montreal.

Then, as we know, the Arctic was thrust into the twentieth century. The slight imbalance introduced by trading post and mission developed into cultural upheaval. Development brought schools, television, snowmobiles, alcohol, and settlements of prefabricated houses. Near the centres of these growing communities, the missions remained sturdy. Whatever the conflicts in belief or differences in ritual, the outstanding men and women who devoted their lives to these settlements have played, and still carry, an important role in helping native people across the narrow span of years between the isolated past, and the crush of the present.

Albert Hochbaum, famed for his paintings of waterfowl, directed the Delta Waterfowl Research Station on Lake Manitoba for 32 years. Since 1961, he has travelled widely in the Arctic, devoting his time to the study of the arctic ecology and painting the changing scene.

St Andrew's Anglican Mission, Coppermine

In early May, golden patches peek through the snowy barrens along Coronation Gulf. The gutteral cackling of willow ptarmigan is the voice of the day . . . until the first geese announce their return. Over all is heard the laughter of children at play. Television has just arrived in Coppermine; the long unwinding of hockey playoffs now reaches beyond the Arctic Circle. Boys and girls chase pucks of frozen snow; sometimes a branch of caribou antler is the stick. The rules, as interpreted by 'true living colour', call for the striking of players as well as of pucks. Inuit parents who were born in snow-houses or under skins of seal or caribou, wonder about the future of youngsters rising to ways of life beyond understanding — as do mothers and fathers the world over.

The Sunday morning service for outsiders is over. The Inuit now arrive for theirs. The Reverend Peter Bishop speaks their language, knows them and their country. He has lived on the land, travelled endless miles to visit far corners of his parish where some still live in distant hunting camps. Peter Bishop first came by dog-team from Cambridge Bay; now, as do all the others, he sets forth into the wilderness aboard a snowmobile.

Behind the pulpit of this graceful church, the wall is brightened by a mural of coloured felt; teams of dogs are the central theme. In 1969 and 1970 there were perhaps a hundred dog-teams in Coppermine; now there are under a dozen.

The sermon this May morning harks back to the teachings of Jesus Christ. The congregation knows the essence of the Christian message to be as old as their own culture. What has happened cannot be helped . . . *Ajurama . . . Ajunnammat*. It is only the present and time beyond that count. The past serves to give strength and understanding, to prepare for the unknown days and years . . . and centuries ahead.

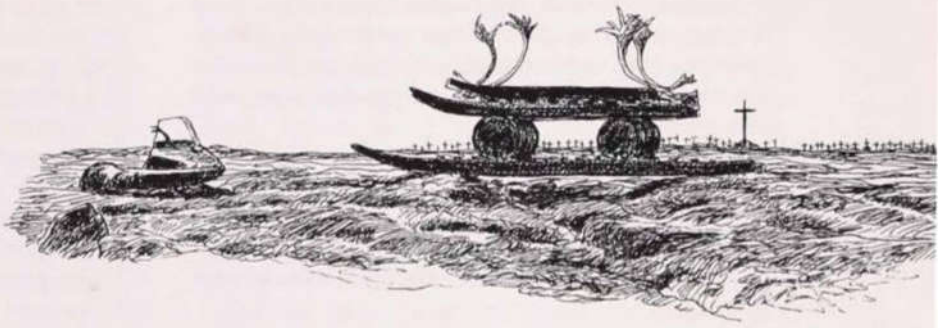
The sturdy mission at Bathurst Inlet with its pert steeple is a landmark in its wilderness setting. It was built in 1937 from materials barged down the Mackenzie River to Tuktoyaktuk, thence shipped 900 miles across ice-choked seas aboard the schooner *Our Lady of Lourdes*. Under its roof is a small chapel, a comfortable living-room, two small bedrooms, and an organ with patented mouse-proof pedals. It is shielded from cold by caribou hides stuffed between the inner and outer walls. For twelve years, from 1937, Father Raymond de Coccola made 'Burnside Mission' his base of worship as he travelled from camp to camp carrying what he chose to call 'Christian hope' to Eskimos of the Central Arctic. His experiences, summed up in his book *Ayorama,* comprise an important document detailing the lives and life-styles of native people who, so few years ago, were barely touched by outside influences.

The sketch for this painting was made on the last day of June 1969. The Burnside River, where it meets Bathurst Inlet, is still locked in ice, but tundra pools and little lakes are open so that whistling swans and other waterfowl are nesting. Yearling swans, recently abandoned — indeed driven from home thresholds by their parents — trade back and forth along the shoreline exploring for open water. The hills beyond are crowded with caribou. Cotton-white wolves, musk-oxen and a mother grizzly with two cubs range within view. The mission is vacant; so, too are the nearby buildings of the H B C post, abandoned in 1965 when trading was shifted to Baychimo farther north on the inlet.

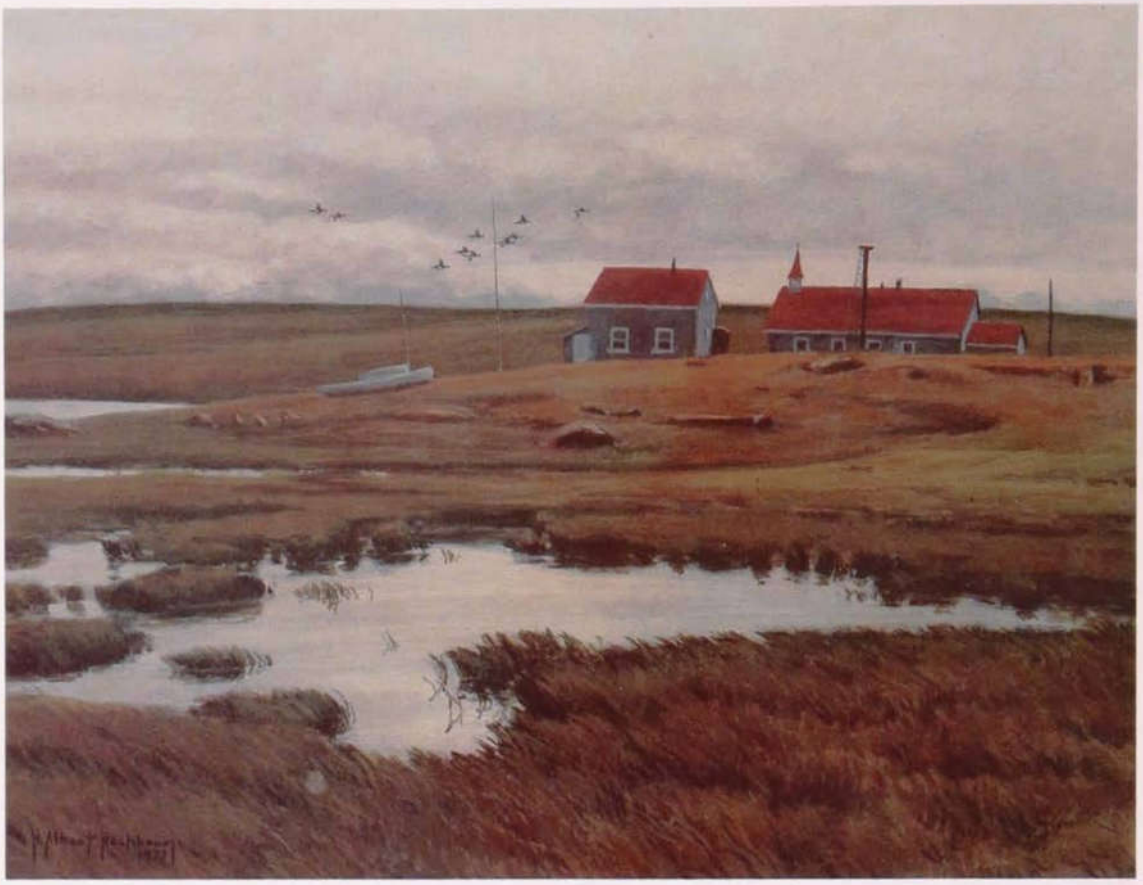
Since then Glenn and Trish Warner, who have many years of experience in the arctic wilderness with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, have found a way to make this place a retreat for gentle people who wish to experience the Arctic in tranquillity, harvesting the abundant flora and fauna with nothing more than cameras and binoculars. By such development, they hope the Inuit people here may continue to live and thrive on land that remains their own.

At Chesterfield Inlet the image of Christ stands in the midst of the growing community. On His right are the relics of an ancient culture and beyond, high on the village rise, an Inuit artisan has added caribou antlers to summering kamotiks to create a monument to winter.

Burnside Mission, the Roman Catholic Mission at Bathurst Inlet



St Aidan's Anglican Mission, Baker Lake

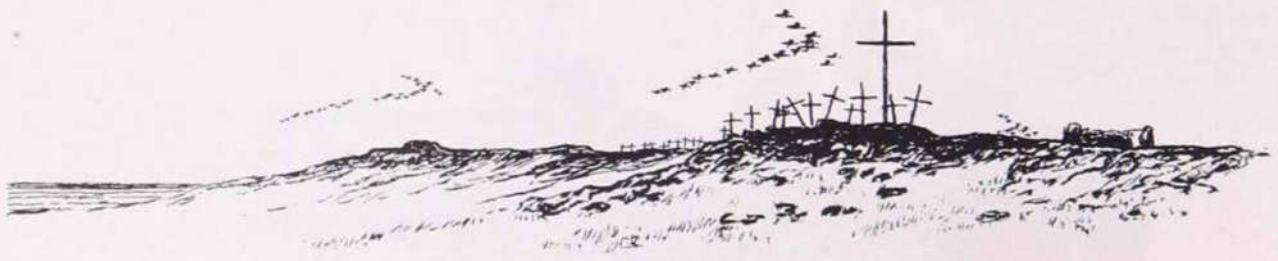


Across a little swale, the Anglican Mission stands on a rise above Baker Lake. Here is rest and comfort, understanding and compassion for the traveller who has come a thousand miles, or for a villager who lives close by.

The Venerable J. C. R. Williams who serves here is editor of *Illavut/Our Family,* the newspaper of the Diocese of the Arctic. With a single glance from his doorstep he sees his parish spread along the shoreline, set against wild country that comes down to the edge of habitation.

In some arctic communities it is easy to be shocked by the clutter of waste within and about: the plastic and tin, paper, gasoline drums, plywood sheets and shipping pallets. But in Baker Lake steel drums are piled in neat rows awaiting outbound passage. Pallets are carefully stacked or sometimes arranged as walkways. There is a common greensward in the midst of all where bright flowers grow, and instead of disarray, walks and roadways are kept clean and the refuse ground is carefully tended.

The graveyard, Eskimo Point.



Ste Thérèse, the Roman Catholic Mission, Eskimo Point

There it stands so boldly on the beach ridge beside Hudson Bay, a place of worship, centre for comfort and understanding. Within the attached residence is a billiard room and a bottomless pot of tea. Here Eskimos just arrived from the hinterland make new friends, adjust to the ways of the white man and have fun at the billiard table. The mission was founded in 1924 by Father Lionel Ducharme who, as a young man, sledded the winter mail from Chesterfield Inlet to Churchill and back. He ministers to the sick, the weary and frightened, and tends a little garden under glass during the short summers. He is Mickeela — Little Finger — to one and all: a friendly, wise, helpful man.

In June 1961 more than 300 Inuit lived in Eskimo Point under canvas tents or rude structures put together from old packing crates. Most were brought from widely scattered sites far inland by government air transport — the move so urgent that they could not carry their skin tents and other belongings. The caribou that once supplied food and clothing had vanished. In the new location they wore clothing of wool and cotton and ate seal, fish, and elk meat sent in from Alberta parks. The lowlands behind the ridge became crowded with more arrivals who took residence wherever dry ground rose a few inches above the wet tundra. Influenza, then polio and tuberculosis spread widely through their midst. Before long many more slim wooden crosses rose above piles of rock where the ridge meets the east end of Eskimo Point.

At this crossing of trails, the path to the left leads to the Hudson's Bay post; the one bending right, to the Anglican Mission. Now, in 1977, the tents are mostly gone. Prefabricated shacks and roomy bungalows house more than 900 Inuit. Healthy children attend a multi-million-dollar school, and the main street running the mile length of the settlement bears Father Ducharme's name.

St George's Anglican Mission, Cambridge Bay

Under reflected light of full moon, the barren grounds glow almost bright as day. From the rise above the Hudson's Bay Company store, Mount Pelly shines clearly in the distance . . . and beyond, is the wilderness. Moonlight gives strong incentive for a walk about the settlement. A warm glow from household lights marks the edge of the barrens. The handsome school, the efficient nursing station, the bulk of steel that will be the new recreation centre, emphasize the sharp line that separates the present from the recent past.

Bands of children are in the streets . . . calling, running, sliding, catching, falling, singing. Their voices and their fleeting shadows please the passerby. Suddenly the merriment is stilled by a crash of glass and slammed doors. It is in the small arctic communities that both the warmth and the tragedy of life come to focus within the same instant. Here, in its stark simplicity, we feel and try to understand the melancholy that faces man wherever he lives in this rapidly changing world.

The Anglican Mission was empty and forsaken when this painting was done early this year. *Ilavet,* the Anglican family newspaper of the Arctic, asked, in its March 1976 issue, that its readers pray for a minister to be found for Cambridge Bay. A year later, the prayers have been answered. Church Army Captain and Mrs Larry Robertson have taken residence in the Cambridge Bay manse, opening the doors of the mission to people filled with both trouble and good will.

'Our Lady of Grace', the Roman Catholic Mission, Tuktoyaktuk

Supper is finished. The day has been grey under heavy overcast. Then a break-through of sun and a brilliant twilight . . . crimson wisps against a backdrop of cerulean. The clearing skies prompt wild geese to travel. They are leading their young to the mouth of the Mackenzie, thence to the southland 2,000 miles away. There is only the sound of their voices and the blade-whacking of helicopters hovering back and forth between oil rigs on the Beaufort Sea and base camps near-by.

The brilliance fades as last rays leave the clouds. The mission stands in silhouette against the evening glow. Behind it, only yards away, rises the mast of *Our Lady of Lourdes.* This boat once carried groceries and medicine and lumber, far and wide over arctic seas to places isolated from the world except for her annual visit. She is now at rest, but still serves as a source of comfort. Father Lamars, who cares for this mission, has brought her to dry land; there he has converted her to a place for travellers to lodge; a 'boatel' the Father calls her now.

Soon comes the autumnal equinox. From now on the sun seems to gallop south until the hamlet is left in winter darkness. Then spring again . . . the sun and the return of wild fowl. Are seasons and the sun the only constants? Will geese and bears, whales and caribou survive the changes in decades ahead? The people themselves — the past few years have altered their lives forever. Little survives from the old days beyond the calls of migrant fowl and the everlasting hope that religions and sunsets give to mankind. ◆

A Lucrative Contract: The HBC and the Pacific Ice Trade

By W. L. Ostenstad

Mr Ostenstad is presently undertaking studies toward his PhD in anthropology at the London School of Economics.

Permission of the Hudson's Bay Company to use quotations from its archives is gratefully acknowledged.

DURING THE FIRST two centuries of its existence, the Hudson's Bay Company derived its income almost exclusively from the fur trade. Although it occasionally engaged in other industries, such as mining or whaling, these ventures were usually short-lived and unprofitable. For a brief period in the mid-nineteenth century the Company was involved in the cutting and exporting of ice — an unlikely commodity but one which yielded good profits. In fact, the ice trade was so lucrative for the Company that its rival on the Northwest Coast, the Russian American Company, which held monopoly rights over what is now Alaska, could not help but take opposing action.

Earlier, the two companies had arrived at a rapprochement after a period of tense competition for control of the Northwest Coast fur trade. In 1839 they signed a ten-year lease, commencing in 1840, which allowed the Hudson's Bay Company to trade furs inside Russian territory, along the mainland coast of the Alaska Panhandle from the British-Russian boundary, north to Cape Spencer. This lease was renewed with some modifications until 1867, when Russia finally sold her distant and long-neglected North American colony to the United States.

In return for the leased territory, the Hudson's Bay Company paid the Russian American Company an annual rent of 2,000 land-otter pelts, which after 1854 was replaced by an outright cash payment of £1,500 per year. (The first agreement also bound the Company to supply the Russians with provisions.) In the 1839 lease, and in the renewal that was signed in 1849, the Russians granted the Company exclusive rights over *all* commerce inside the leased territory. This later proved to be a costly blunder for the Russians.

The ice trade was initiated on the Northwest Coast in February 1852, when a group of American businessmen sent the ship *Bacchus* to New Archangel, the Russian American Company's administrative centre, now the modern city of Sitka, Alaska. The Americans were eager to buy ice from the Russians and sell it in the young and prosperous city of San Francisco, whose population was being swelled by hordes of miners who had been drawn west by the 1848 California Gold Rush. San Francisco was being supplied with ice at this time but at a very high cost, since it was shipped by sea all the way from Boston by way of Cape Horn.

The Russian American Company had by then long since ceased to be an efficient and prosperous fur-trading company, and its managers were anxious to develop any new industries that might bring a profit. They seized the opportunity which the voyage of the *Bacchus* presented. Ice was cut in lakes near New Archangel, and the ship was sent to San Francisco with a good cargo of 250 tons.

The Russians were gratified by the more than $18,000 which they received for this first shipment, and preparations were quickly made for expanding the business. Company labourers were sent out in winter to cut ice and haul it into New Archangel for storage in ice-houses until spring, when the American ice ships arrived. To supplement their own work-force, the Russians hired Tlingit Indians living in the area, paying each a daily wage of one ruble in scrip.

ALASKA STATE MUSEUM

Sitka from the south-west, c. 1860, believed to have been painted by a Russian naval officer. Beginning in 1852 ice was cut from lakes near Sitka by the Russian American Company, and shipped by American merchants for sale in San Francisco.

Regularity was brought to the trade when a Russian commercial agent, Peter Kostromitinov, was sent to San Francisco to settle a contract with the American ice merchants who were organizing the American Russian Commercial Company (also known as the Sitka Ice Company). It was agreed that the Russians would supply ice at fixed prices. The relationship between the two companies was later strengthened when the Americans successfully petitioned the Tsar to decree that the Russian American Company should supply ice at cost to the American Russian Commercial Company in return for half of the net profits. It was also decreed that the Russian American Company should supply other products such as coal, timber, and fish to the Americans on the same terms.

The Hudson's Bay Company was aware of this growing commerce between Russian America and California, but at first it paid little attention. Its own fur trade was well organized and flourishing, and there was little need to experiment with new industries. However, if the Hudson's Bay Company was unwilling to engage in direct competition with the Russians and the American Russian Commercial Company, other San Francisco businessmen were willing to take the initiative. In late 1852 and early 1853, the Board of Management of the Western Department received proposals from different parties who were interested in taking out a lease, or forming a partnership, for the purpose of exporting ice from the Company's territories. For at this time the Company held monopoly rights, originally granted by the 1821 Licence of Exclusive Trade, over all British territory from Rupert's Land west to the Pacific coast.

The Governor and Committee in London recognized that the Company could profit from competition in the ice trade, so long as it was ensured that the ice merchants did not interfere with the fur trade; and with that stipulation the Board of Management was given power to negotiate a lease as it saw fit. Soon afterwards, on 12 September 1853, Chief Factors James Douglas and John Work signed an agreement on behalf of the Company with Captain W. A. Howard, a former U.S. naval officer who represented a group of San Francisco businessmen headed by Messrs Fernandez and Peyton. These American entrepreneurs hoped to secure ice not from lakes, but from the large and magnificent glaciers which slowly flowed into many of the deep fiords of the Alaska Panhandle. The glacial ice was not only denser and hence longer-lasting than lake ice; it also could be secured year-round.

Douglas, for one, had doubts about the ice contract, for he feared that Howard was 'somewhat of an adventurer'; he also saw that the Company had nothing to lose by the experiment, and the terms were certainly favourable.

Howard's party, which soon became known as the North West Ice Company, was granted the exclusive right to cut ice for a six-year term on all territory on the coast controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company, including the territory that the Company had been leasing from the Russians since 1840. The ice company was also allowed to employ any of the native inhabitants of the area to cut and load ice. These native labourers were to be paid in goods purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company, and this was another source

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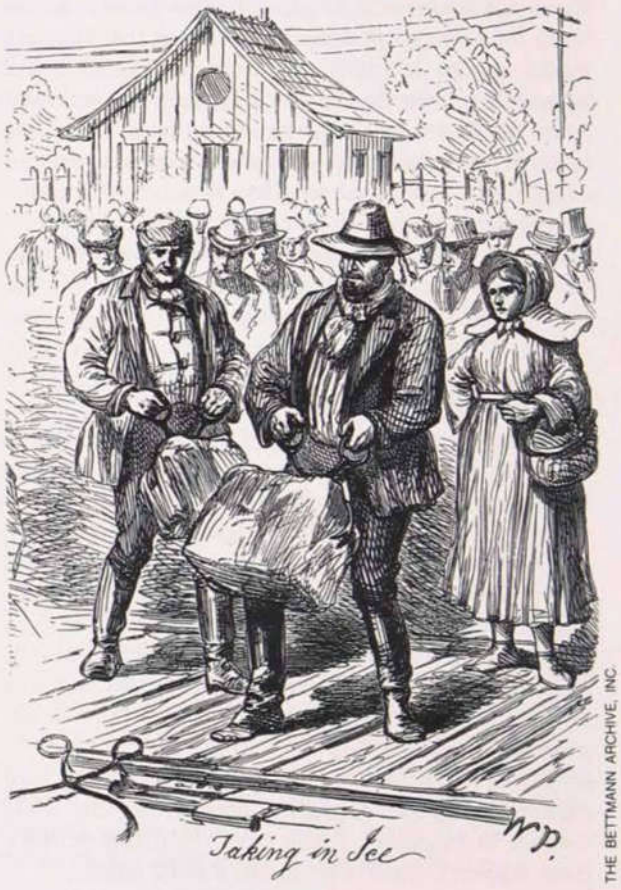
The influx of miners during the California Gold Rush of 1848 resulted in rapid growth and prosperity for San Francisco. Its wealthy families and numerous hotels and bars provided a profitable market for Alaska ice. Below, right: Ice delivery c. 1870.

of profit. Careful provision was made, though, to ensure that the Americans did not encroach on the Company's fur trade. The contract required them to employ and pay the salary of a Hudson's Bay Company agent who would supervise all dealings with the natives and purchase any furs that were brought in for trade. As a final guarantee against encroachment on the fur trade, the Company's agent was given the right to terminate the contract on the spot if any of its terms were broken. With an agreement such as this, the fur trade was secure.

The Hudson's Bay Company received a generous rent of $14,000 per year in return for leasing the right to export ice. The only accessible ice-fields were inside the territory that the Company was leasing from the Russians for an annual rent of £1,500 — roughly $7,200 per year by then-current rates of exchange. Thus the Company received a revenue from the leased territory that was almost double the rent which they were paying the Russians, and this was accomplished without a significant investment of either capital or labour. The Company had certainly entered into a lucrative contract.

In late February 1854, Captain Howard left Fort Victoria in the barque *Fanny Major* and sailed north to make an exploratory tour of the ice-fields, stopping along the way at Fort Simpson, where Chief Trader John Kennedy joined ship. Kennedy, after years of



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

RON SEALE, PARKS CANADA

Riggs Glacier, Glacier Bay, Alaska. In 1853 the H B C gave a group of San Francisco entrepreneurs exclusive rights to cut ice from the glaciers of the Alaska Panhandle region which it had leased from the Russians.

service at Fort Simpson and Fort Taku, was well acquainted with the native people living in the vicinity of the glaciers, and for this reason he had been appointed as the Company's agent.

The *Fanny Major* finally dropped anchor in Prince Frederick Sound, inside the leased territory, where a large number of Tlingit from the Stikine River area were hired as labourers. Little information about the ice-cutting operations has survived, but in one of his regular letters to the Governor and Committee, Douglas gave a vivid description which was based on reports from Kennedy and Captain Howard. He described a scene of gruelling labour under the brow of the glacier:

> About 500 Stekine Indians were mustered for that service, and they worked with an astonishing degree of ardour and tenacity of purpose, having in the first place cut a channel for the ship, through a space of two miles of solid ice, and carried the blocks of ice on their Shoulders from the iceberg about 1700 yards distant, to that point, the ground being at the time deeply covered with snow, and the labourers having neither shoes nor stockings to protect them from the cold.

After five days of hard work the Tlingit labourers were paid off 'at a very moderate expense, in Goods', and the *Fanny Major* weighed anchor and headed for San Francisco with a 300-ton cargo of 'compact blue Ice'.

This first shipment sold well in San Francisco, and the North West Ice Company endeavoured to consolidate its position in the ice trade. By the end of the season at least five ships, and probably seven, had been loaded with glacial ice and despatched to San Francisco, the Hawaiian Islands, and Hong Kong. A large ice-house was built in San Francisco to receive the cargo and another was planned for Honolulu. The Hudson's Bay Company regularly received rent payments in quarterly installments, and Douglas was impressed that the ice merchants 'appear to be men possessed of Capital and nerve equal to the enterprise'.

The North West Ice Company had made a promising beginning; but its fortunes soon changed. The voyages to Hawaii and Hong Kong were failures: too much of the cargo was lost to the tropical sun. Glacial ice was apparently less suitable for export than had been hoped. Moreover, the ice company suffered from stiff competition with the rival American Russian Commercial Company.

This ruinous competition was ended, though, early in 1855, when the two ice companies agreed to co-operate in order to dominate the trade. At first it appeared that this would lead to an expansion of ice-cutting operations inside Hudson's Bay Company territory. For even though the ice contract would not expire until four years later, the ice companies were already proposing terms for its renewal. Douglas had reservations about the terms of renewal; he feared that if the ice companies became too well entrenched the

natives of the Northwest Coast would be drawn away from fur hunting and trading, thus jeopardizing the Company's chosen role as a fur-trading enterprise. In the meantime, however, the existing contract was to be honoured and preparations were made for the second ice-cutting season.

Kennedy had proven to be incapable of meeting the rigours of the ice industry and he was replaced as the Company's agent by George Blenkinsop, a younger and more temperate man who had become acquainted with the Tlingit when he was posted at Fort Stikine a few years before. Blenkinsop was sent to Fort Simpson to rendezvous with the ice ships from San Francisco. They did not arrive.

By May 1855, the American Russian Commercial Company had effectively absorbed the North West Ice Company and taken over responsibility for the ice contract. During the rest of that year and the following year as well, the American Russian Commercial Company regularly paid rent to the Hudson's Bay Company without exercising its right to cut ice. The American company simply continued to cut ice in the vicinity of New Archangel, and on Woody Island farther north, in co-operation with the Russians.

This new development placed the Hudson's Bay Company in an unusual but highly advantageous position. Its revenue from the ice contract already exceeded the rent it was paying the Russians for the leased territory. Now the Company was receiving this large rent on the ice contract not from an independent firm, but from an affiliate of the Russian American Company. In effect, the Russians were leasing the mainland coast of the Alaska Panhandle without making a gain! Douglas understandably wished that the Company 'could accomplish a few more strokes of business, of equal value'.

This good fortune did not last for long. By the beginning of 1857 the American Russian Commercial Company had secured an effective monopoly of the California ice trade and had no intentions of continuing to pay rent on the ice contract.

The Hudson's Bay Company was at a loss. When the American Russian Commercial Company assumed responsibility for the ice contract it had agreed that the contract would revert to the North West Ice Company if any of its terms were broken. The North West Ice Company had folded early in 1856, and one of its senior shareholders had embezzled funds owed to the Hudson's Bay Company and absconded to China. Obviously they could not take up the ice contract once again. Captain Howard was interested in going into the ice trade on his own, and Douglas hoped that fear of competition might encourage the American company to honour the contract; but Howard did not have enough capital on hand to offer a serious threat to his rivals.

Douglas recommended that the Russian American Company be pressured into paying the rent owed by its affiliate and even suggested that the rent due to the Russians for the leased territory be withheld. This was not a good solution either. The current lease on the territory inside Russian America was to expire in 1859, and it was essential for the Hudson's Bay Company that it be renewed. The fur trade the Company conducted there was too valuable to give up.

B.C. ARCHIVES

George Blenkinsop, who in 1855 was appointed HBC agent responsible for ensuring that American ice traders did not encroach on the Company's fur trade on the Pacific coast.

Even as determined a manager as James Douglas eventually had to concede that the ice contract would have to be sacrificed:

> The Russian American Company will I presume seek to deprive us of the Ice Trade as they have been severely taxed by our operations in that line. If resolute on that point, I would even consent to forego that advantage in order to secure the Lease.

Accordingly, when representatives of the two companies negotiated the 1859 renewal of the lease, they agreed that the Hudson's Bay Company would no longer hold exclusive rights over all commerce inside the leased territory. The new agreement prohibited the Company from exporting ice, as well as coal, timber, and fish — resources which the ailing Russian American Company hoped to develop in order to offset the steady decline in its revenue from the fur trade. This provision in the lease, which was carried into successive renewals, effectively ended the Hudson's Bay Company's brief but lucrative involvement in the Pacific ice trade. ◆

Medical bag strapped to the saddle, Dr Jackson sets out on horseback to visit a patient, 1929.

Mary Percy Jackson: Pioneer Doctor

By Zonia Keywan

Zonia Keywan is a Montreal author with an interest in the history of the Canadian West.

Photographs unless credited are from Dr Jackson's collection.

KEG RIVER, ALBERTA, where Dr Mary Percy Jackson lives today, is 120 miles up the Mackenzie Highway from Peace River. The road north cuts through mile upon mile of wild timber-land; the occasional grain field, the odd open pasture with grazing cows are the only signs of habitation. Near the small one-grain-elevator settlement of Keg River, large piles of brush sit on a few unbroken fields where land is being cleared for the first time.

Dr Jackson lives with her husband in a large solid-looking house on the edge of town. The sign on the gate reads 'Frank Jackson — Master Farmer'. Statues and water fountains adorn the well-tended lawn. It is an oasis of old-world English orderliness in the wilderness.

Dr Jackson, tall, energetic, and now 73 years of age, came to the Canadian Northwest from England in 1929. By that time, after two decades of immigration, the rural population of Alberta had grown enormously and settlers in outlying areas of the province had no access to medical care. In an attempt to improve this situation, the provincial government sent out nurses, trained during World War I, to provide basic health care. But a doctor could do far more than a nurse, so the government conceived the notion of hiring women doctors — they could be paid less than men — and sending them out to new settlement regions. Advertisements were placed in British medical journals and four women were hired. One of them was Mary Percy, recently graduated from the medical school at Birmingham University.

'The ad asked for female doctors who could take complete charge without a hospital and without assistance' she recalls. 'It ended with something like "the ability to ride a saddle horse would be an advantage". That was what sold me on it.'

During her student days in crowded, industrial Birmingham, the doctor had taken up riding for fresh air and exercise. In accepting the challenge to practise in the Canadian Northwest she saw an opportunity to do considerable riding. 'I looked forward to a year away from crowded buildings' she says. Her knowledge of conditions in rural Alberta, was, at best, sketchy — largely the result of films and stories about trappers and log cabins and wolves chasing sleighs.

There was certainly no professional incentive for Mary Percy to leave England. In spite of her youth — she was 24 — she was headed for a bright future. In her final medical examinations in 1927 she excelled and received the Queen's scholarship as the outstanding student of her year.

Her citation for life membership in the Canadian Medical Association, granted in 1971, states: 'Before leaving the Old Country, she could write M.B. Ch.B. Birmingham, M.R.C.S. Eng. L.R.C.P. London after

'I live in a most palatial shack . . .' Mary Percy Jackson wrote of the tiny frame house provided for her when she arrived in Battle River, Alberta, in 1929. Leading to it is the 'main road'.

her name. She had . . . been House physician in the General Hospital, Casualty House Surgeon in the Children's Hospital, and House Surgeon in the Maternity Hospital.' It was an impressive range of experience — and one that would stand her in good stead in the isolation of northern Alberta.

Mary Percy left England in June 1929, bound for a one-year adventure in the Northwest. She hardly expected that 48 years later she would still be there.

To orient the newly-arrived British doctors, the Alberta government sent them on tour with a travelling clinic that moved through the province during the summer months. The clinic stayed in each village along the route for two or three days, setting up tents at every location. Local teachers sent children to be examined by the team of doctors, dentists, and nurses. If necessary, surgery was performed on the spot.

Working with the clinic gave Dr Jackson her first taste of frontier medical practice. While she was camped with a nurse in Jarvie, sixty-some miles northwest of Edmonton, an urgent call came to tend to a woman who had been gored by a bull. The doctor made her house call by democrat — a trip of forty miles each way.

In England, Dr Jackson had always worked in well-equipped urban hospitals. On the frontier she learned quickly that things were far more primitive. On 6 July 1929 she wrote to her family:

I've already seen a number of most interesting cases — I begin to feel the difference in working away from a hospital with X-rays and a lab. I saw a case yesterday that I'd have given anything to get X-rayed to settle the diagnosis.

By mid-July she was on her way to her designated territory of Battle River, near the present-day town of Manning.

It's the newest district in Alberta — 100 miles from the nearest town or railway, no telegrams, no telephones, and mail delivered occasionally by boat up the river — the bags are thrown out on the bank and there they lie until someone finds them.

To reach Battle River Dr Percy travelled 100 miles north from Peace River by paddle-boat, then 18 miles more by land. On uphill stretches her luggage — 29 pieces weighing over 1,000 pounds, mostly drugs and medical instruments — proved too heavy for the horses to pull, so the doctor had to take part of the load herself. The July heat was stifling; mosquitoes swarmed around her. The 18-mile journey from the river to her house took eleven hours.

'I had written in advance from England asking whether china, silver, cushions and things of that sort would be provided' Dr Jackson remembers now, and she laughs. The residence waiting for her in Battle River was a tiny frame shack, recently vacated by a nurse who had broken her arm while fording a river to see a patient. She described it in her letters of July, 1929:

I live in a most palatial shack, 14 x 20 feet — divided into three rooms: (1) a living room, which is also a kitchen, scullery and waiting-room for patients; (2) a bedroom; (3) and a dispensary which is also a consulting room, and in which there is just about

The Battle River 'ambulance'. In this tent, erected over a rocking sleigh, a man with a fractured skull once travelled for 19 hours to reach hospital.

room for me and a patient! It is two miles from the nearest house; I have to drink the river water, and have to ford the river to see patients on the other side.

There had never been a doctor in Battle River before. The white population of the region had moved in mainly after World War I, when the southern part of the province was well settled. In the late 1920s Germans, Ukrainians, Norwegians, Hungarians, and Americans were streaming in to homestead this remote but fertile corner of the province.

'The people of Battle River were a strange mix of every nationality you could think of' Dr Jackson says. 'Chances were that any six people meeting were of six different nationalities and couldn't speak to each other.' There was no opportunity to learn English quickly, since no school had been established. The resulting language barrier added to the difficulty of the young doctor's job.

Her territory was large — 'upwards of 350 sq.m.' and it was constantly growing. When she arrived in Battle River, her first thought was to procure a map that would enable her to locate patients quickly. She drew her own, carefully marking in each quarter section, the location of every house and the main trail. The map 'literally changed from day to day'. From her little 'shack in the wilderness', she could see the almost daily procession of homesteaders, lured into this inhospitable northern land by the promise of a better future for themselves and their children.

All the world goes past my door — I see land seekers going north, and further north . . . It's rather thrilling to see them; the men and their wives and families; their stoves, pots and pans, bedsteads, and sometimes children's toys and violins and weird oddments on the wagon; an odd cow or two and a dog or two running behind; the whole procession moving at about three miles an hour. There's something astounding about their courage when they arrive, miles from anywhere.

In the fledgling community, Dr Jackson's services were much in demand — and not only in her capacity as doctor. She found herself serving as the local nurse, druggist, social worker, veterinarian, and dentist. One of her early patients was an Alsatian puppy with a broken leg. Another was

a Red Indian, who informed me that he hadn't slept three nights for toothache, and demanded that I should remove the tooth, and added that he'd twice before had teeth removed, and each time the dentists said how awfully difficult his teeth were to extract. Well, I looked at it — an upper wisdom tooth, halfway down his throat nearly! However, there's no dentist nearer than Peace River, 100 miles away, so I went for it — bared my brawny right arm — gave a colossal pull — and nearly went through the window! It came out as easily as any other tooth! I was awfully bucked and he could hardly believe his eyes — my reputation as a dentist will certainly spread!

Patients who were capable of walking or riding came to the doctor, but most often she had to go to them. The summons to a sick-bed would come at any time of the day or night. Carrying whatever she thought she might need in a black bag, she would mount her horse, Dan, and ride out immediately. On busy days the pace was exhausting: on 10 October 1929 she wrote:

Yesterday I went out immediately after breakfast, saw a man seven miles away; came back and found another patient waiting to see me;

saw her, had a meal, and then went off and saw three more — luckily had supper at one of the houses — then on again 7 miles north — got back at midnight. I was fetched out this morning before I'd got breakfast, but the man was dead when I got there . . . I got back about 11:30 a.m. to find a man waiting with a truck to take me to his brother (10 miles south), who had split his foot open with an axe. I sewed that up and had a meal there (the first bite since 6 p.m. the night before), and got back here at 4 p.m. I had just been down and watered the horse and was thinking of making my bed when the little girl with the broken arm arrived, so I redressed that, and then saw a man with some bad teeth. I then cleared up a bit, and decided to have a meal before going off to see another child I wanted to see today.

A large proportion of the doctor's time was taken up with childbirths. At any given time she might have two women in labour, 40 or more miles apart from each other. To tend to both properly was a feat. Immigrant women had many children, all born at home, often in the most abject conditions:

I was there Thursday for twelve hours . . . the people are Ukrainians, speak no English; there was only a wooden bench to sit on, and nothing to read or do for hours. When the baby was born we had to wrap it in a dirty old cloth skirt; they hadn't so much as a binder, napkin, blanket or clean rag! I've just taken over a complete outfit. Poor little beggar! — his skin was chafed already.

'At that time it really was quite hazardous having a baby' Dr Jackson recalls. 'The mortality rate for mothers and children in rural areas was three times the rate in England then, more than 30 times the present Alberta rate.' To make matters worse, most of the mothers were uneducated, poorly versed in child care and nutrition practices and, in those depression years, simply too poor to feed their children properly. On one occasion Dr Jackson chanced upon one of her recent maternity patients — a Ukrainian woman who had lost her breast milk after an attack of dysentery — feeding her infant on raw egg. Horrified, the doctor rushed a can of powdered milk to the woman. But, as she reflected in a letter, 'they had no money to buy canned milk, no cow, none of their neighbours had a cow . . . when you come to think of it, what else could she have done?'

From her makeshift clinic Dr Jackson treated all manner of illness: convulsions, pneumonia, tuberculosis, diphtheria, as well as fractures, axe-wounds, burns and a variety of other homestead accidents. She coped with them all as best she could, without benefit of x-rays, antibiotics, or blood transfusions. Only the gravest cases could be taken to hospital, for there was none nearer than Peace River, 100 miles away.

The chief problem in the early days was transportation through mud and snow and across rivers. The lack of anything that could be called a proper road slowed her down considerably. Many emergency patients — for whom every second counted — had to wait for hours for the doctor to reach them. In warm, dry weather she travelled mainly on horseback, but when the winter snows swept over the land, or in spring, when the whole region turned to water and oozing mud, transportation became next to impossible. Dr Jackson got around in every way imaginable: by wagon, sleigh, dog-team, in cars and trucks, even on foot. On countless occasions her vehicles got stuck in snowdrifts or mired in deep mud, and had to be dug or pulled out, while, for the critically-ill passengers, precious moments ticked away.

Most nerve-wrenching of all were the emergency cases that absolutely had to be taken to hospital, regardless of weather conditions. There was a man with a fractured skull who rode to hospital for 19 hours under a tent erected over a rocking sleigh. From time to time he rose from his bed and attempted to step out for a walk, while the nervous doctor restrained him. There was an old man with heart disease whom she rushed to Peace River, only to find the hospital closed. He had to be brought straight back — '200 miles in an open sleigh for a man . . . blue-green and swollen all over with heart failure!' There was a Métis boy with a gangrenous appendix and peritonitis whose car trip to hospital took 20 hours — 'the highway was just bottomless mud'; and an acute appendicitis case, who, because of a recent heavy snowstorm, could only be transported 'with a sleigh pulled by a caterpillar tractor! I kept her nearly unconscious with morphia, but, oh boy! you don't know how trying the rat-a-tat-a-tat of a caterpillar is till you've done 70 miles behind one.'

By all rights, these and many other patients should have died, but they did not. The people of Battle River were a tough breed. 'Children as well as adults seem to have amazing staying power up here' the doctor marvelled in one of her letters.

Reflecting on the year-and-a-half she spent in Battle River, Dr Jackson says 'The whole thing really was quite fantastic. Looking back on it, you wouldn't think it could really happen.' She was a young woman in her 20s, alone in the northern backwoods with no medical back-up, and a population of over 2,000 people totally dependent upon her for medical care. It was an awesome responsibility, and, she confesses, one that frightened her a little:

Sometimes I get a bit scared . . . there are several families in here now who would have remained in towns, but their husbands told them they might as well come up, now that they could get a doctor as easily as at home. I feel most frightfully responsible.

Was she ever tempted to give up and return to the relative comfort of an English hospital? 'For the first two weeks it was impossible to get out' Dr Jackson recalls. 'After that, nothing in the world could have taken me back to England.' The more she saw of the homesteaders of Battle River, the more she grew to like and to admire them. Even in their desperate poverty, they were kind, generous, and eminently deserving of her care.

It seems so much more worth while to me to be looking after these people . . . for they're a fine type . . . all of them decent, hardworking people.

Dr Jackson's car becomes stuck in the mud while transporting a Métis boy to hospital. It took 20 hours to go 80 miles.

A woman suffering from acute appendicitis is pulled through the snow to hospital by a caterpillar tractor.

ALBERTA GOVERNMENT PHOTOGRAPH

Dr Jackson examining a young patient at Keg River, 1953.

The northern landscape, so different from the smoggy cities and the tame English countryside she had left behind, was subtly taking hold of her affections. She watched the abrupt changes of seasons. She gazed in awe at the beauty of the northern lights and marvelled at the blue-white winter nights and at the utter silence of the almost-empty land. She learned to hunt, skate, toboggan and snowshoe and before she knew it, she was committed to the North.

'I stayed in Battle River until I had a patient with a septic hand named Frank Jackson — and I couldn't cure him.' The doctor and the 'patient that didn't get away' were married in 1931, and went to live at Frank's trading post at Keg River, 80 miles further north.

Keg River was even more isolated than Battle River. The Mackenzie Highway that now passes Keg River on its way to the Northwest Territories, was then nothing more than a couple of ruts in the mud. The settlement was so far from a passable road that the first car that the Jacksons owned had to be parked in a garage at Battle River. On trips to Edmonton they travelled the first eighty miles on horses, then switched to the car for the remaining 370 miles of the journey.

In sparsely-populated Keg River the doctor's work slackened a little. She found time to learn about farming and motherhood. She raised two of Frank's three children from a previous marriage, and the two children that they had together. Later, during the war, she took in two children of friends from England.

Dr Jackson had not intended to go into practice in Keg River, but as the only doctor in a district of more than a thousand square miles, she found it impossible not to practise. Illnesses and accidents demanded her attention.

All but a handful of the people in the Keg River area were Indian and Métis and as soon as Dr Jackson moved there, her government salary of $160 per month was cut off. 'They weren't willing to pay for Indians and halfbreeds' she says. So she worked privately, first out of Frank's trading post, then out of the house he built on the farm. She set a fee of $1.00 for each house call, but since most of her patients lived in chronic poverty, she was more often paid in moosemeat, berries, moccasins, and snowshoes. She didn't receive a regular salary again until health insurance was introduced in Alberta in 1969.

During her years of practice, Dr Jackson had no access to hospital. The nearest doctors were 80 miles south, at Battle River, and 125 miles to the north-east, at Fort Vermilion. For a doctor living in isolation, and engaged in a practice as non-lucrative as hers, getting sufficient medical supplies was a never-ending problem. To a large extent she depended on the goodwill of doctors in the South who sent her equipment and the free drug samples they received from manufacturers.

For 43 years Dr Jackson coped single-handed with all of Keg River's accidents, illnesses, and epidemics. With the cool detachment only a doctor can have, she recalls several memorable emergencies: sewing back a cut-off thumb in her living-room in the middle of a winter night, performing an appendectomy on a six-month-old infant on top of her sewing machine, and crossing the river in a leaky boat to see a woman in labour. Her personal emergency was the birth of her son, Bob. She had been unable to get out to hospital in time, so the baby was born at home — six weeks premature and a breech delivery. Only Frank and a neighbouring woman were present to assist with the birth, following the doctor's calm, step-by-step instructions. The temperature on that January night in 1935 was -72° F.

When an emergency arose, any family member, or even a visitor, might find himself recruited to assist the doctor in surgery. 'Anybody who could understand English was impounded to be an anaesthetist. The things we did were justified because there was no other way. Now much of it would be criminal malpractice. But if we hadn't done it, people would have died. As it was, they survived, and they were healthy.'

During the 1930s and 1940s Dr Jackson's greatest concern was the swift spread of tuberculosis among the Indian and Métis population. Because the disease was new to them, they had virtually no resistance to it. Their death rate from the disease was over 95 per cent. There was, as yet, no effective anti-tuberculosis drug. To compound the problem, native people had no conception of how the disease was transmitted, and

continued to live in close contact with infected family members. Dr Jackson worked tirelessly to educate the natives of Keg River, and to convince them to submit to treatment.

It was an uphill struggle. 'I was getting really desperate with this situation. It was appalling to see a family of 10 to 12 people dying. The inevitability of the situation was tragic.'

The breakthrough in controlling this devastating disease came when a TB vaccine, BCG, was introduced in Quebec. 'As soon as freeze-dried BCG became available about 1955' Dr Jackson says 'we got it and started with a BCG program. For ten years we BCG'd all the children in sight. So we haven't had any TB since then.'

There were other mass-scale outbreaks of disease. In 1953, 120 children in a Métis colony at Paddle River were stricken with measles. To attend to the sick children, Dr Jackson made an almost daily trip of fifty miles for a period of two months.

In 1952-53 a rabies epidemic swept through the North. Thousands of animals, wild and domesticated, were succumbing to the dreadful disease and the whole northern area was in grave danger. It was due to Dr Jackson's tireless badgering of government officials that proper steps were taken to check the epidemic. Some 96,000 foxes, wolves, coyotes and lynx had to be destroyed before the rabies was completely wiped out. Because of Dr Jackson's work, not a single human fatality from rabies occurred in Keg River.

Dr Jackson's practice in an area where 95 per cent of the population was Indian and Métis provided her with a singular opportunity to study this neglected part of the Canadian population. Her extensive and systematic observations of health patterns over several decades and through several generations, have made her an undisputed expert in that field. It is a subject that is close to her heart, and she rarely misses an opportunity to speak about it.

In June 1955 she addressed the Canadian Medical Women's Association in Toronto and discussed in detail 'the changes that have occurred in the native people's physique, their diets and their way of living, and their reactions to a rapidly changing environment and economy.'

When she first came to Keg River, she noted, the native people were so remarkably fit as to make her question our generally accepted standards of good health. Some of her patients were in their 80s and 90s, but 'among all the old Métis living at Keg River in the 1930s I never found any hypertension . . . There was no diabetes, no gall stones, no chronic nephritis, no arthritis. There were many old rheumatic hearts, with a fascinating collection of murmurs, but they didn't know that they had heart disease, and it caused most of them remarkably little disability.' Admittedly, they were the fittest of their generation, for only the fittest survived, but those who did live were far healthier than white people of comparable age.

The physical strength and endurance of the younger natives were astounding. On one frigid day Dr Jackson made a trip by dog-sled to a patient 45 miles away. Her 40-year-old Métis driver ran behind the sled for the full distance. The trip took eight hours. Another young Métis encountered the soft life for the first time when he joined the Canadian army during the Second World War. 'He entertained us . . . with stories of white men falling exhausted after a mere twenty-mile hike; and he laughed about the awful load of equipment considered necessary for an overnight trip.' When faced with an 80-mile walk back to camp — a distance he had done many times before — 'he told us that he had become so *fat and soft* during his commando training that he doubted very much whether he could make it this time.'

Unfortunately, since the war Dr Jackson has seen a dramatic deterioration in the general fitness of native people: it has slipped down to equal that of the white population. With the building of the Mackenzie Highway and the opening up of the North, well-paying jobs became available to the native population. Welfare and baby allowance cheques began to come in. A large variety of prepared foods appeared in stores in the North. As a result, the lifestyle of the Indians became less rigorous, and their diet more like that of white people; they consumed more calories, and especially carbohydrates, than ever before.

Today, old natives suffer from the same ill-health as aged white people. And the young now grow obese, develop tooth decay and are prone to high blood pressure and diabetes. Of all the changes Dr Jackson has observed since coming to the North, this has been the most tragic.

Dr Jackson's long years of dedicated service to the North have not gone unnoticed, either by her own community or by the rest of the country. The school in Keg River is called the Dr Mary Jackson School, in recognition of the doctor's one-woman campaign to bring education — and better health — to Keg River in the 1930s. In 1967 Dr Jackson received a Centennial Medal. In 1975 she was named 'Woman of the Year' by the Voice of Native Women. In the autumn of 1976, Dr Jackson was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree by the University of Alberta.

Since 1974, when she turned 70, Dr Jackson has been retired from active practice. But she has not lost her interest in her former patients, nor her zeal to speak out on their behalf. In receiving her honorary degree, she was chosen to give the address at the fall convocation in Edmonton. She considered this not only an honour, but 'a heaven-sent opportunity, in my old age, to tell a captive audience some of the things I've been saying here for many years, about the Indian and Métis problems.' ◆

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SKIING IN CANADA

The Early Years

By Rolf T. Lund

Mr A. Birch of Montreal on his way to Quebec City on 'Norwegian snowshoes', February 1879.

SKIING, it appears, was not popular or topical in Canada during the 1870s. On a typical winter's day in 1877 winter amusements included indoor skating, curling, snowshoeing, tobogganing, coasting, sleighing, and skating on the river ice. Only an event of dramatic proportions would attract any attention towards skiing.

Perhaps it was a desire to gain some public recognition for the man on skis that prompted the event which would historically come to be referred to as the origin of skiing in Canada. An article which appeared in the *Canadian Illustrated News* in 1879 read: 'Mr. A. Birch, a Norwegian gentleman of Montreal, has a pair of patent Norwegian snowshoes upon which he has taken a trip to Quebec starting Friday last. The snowshoes are entirely of wood, nine feet long, six inches wide and have a foot board and toe strap. He walks with the aid of a pole and crosses ice not buoyant enough to bear a good sized dog, so buoyant are the shoes in action.'

Accompanying this article was a woodcut illustration depicting a tall black-bearded man dressed in a long overcoat with sash and fur cap. In his right hand he carried a long single pole which was used, no doubt, for propulsion over flat terrain and as a brake

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Skiers appeared on the hills and in the parks of Montreal around 1880. From photographs taken in Mountain Park c. 1901.

or rudder on downhill grades. Though his appearance on the Canadian ski scene was brief, the event has become historically significant, for it is the first reference to skiing in Canada.

Around 1880, the appearance of skiers in the parks and hills of Montreal was considerably more frequent. Though specific references are few, there are several reports recalling ski activity on Mount Royal about this time. An early skier and one of the founders of the Montreal Ski Club, wrote that skiers were seen on the mountain as early as 1881.

In the Ottawa area, the first reference to skis is found in the reminiscences of Lord Frederick Hamilton, brother-in-law and aide to the Governor General, Lord Lansdowne. He is reported to have brought his skis to Canada from Russia in 1887. With these he practised skiing on the slopes and toboggan slides of Ottawa. In the crowds who observed this young nobleman displaying his skiing skills were probably many loyal Ottawa snowshoers. In the opinion of the majority, skis could never replace snowshoes; snowshoes, they emphasized, were the most practical method of travelling over snow.

After 1890, however, skiers made more frequent appearances near the capital. On several occasions, skiers were seen touring through Rockcliffe Park, sliding down Sandy Hill, or climbing the steep banks of the Rideau Canal. By 1900, many Scandinavians had taken up residence in or near the city and this increased the potential ski population, as well as local interest in the sport. It was not long until the natural ski terrain of the nearby Gatineau area became lucrative ski country. Beginning in 1897, there were numerous records and accounts of skiing ventures in the Gatineau Hills.

In the snowshoe clubs of Montreal, an interest in skiing appeared as early as 1880. Several clubs reported that their more adventuresome members had found a new source of thrills and enjoyment in skiing. One of the earliest attempts by members of the snowshoe fraternity to take up skiing took place on 10 February 1887. Colonel Robert Starke, himself a noted and accomplished snowshoer, describes the events of that day in an article written for a Montreal paper:

> On Saturday evening a few ubiquitous athletes attacked the Priests' farm near the Montreal toboggan slide with the ski or 'Norwegian Snowshoe'. The start was from the highest point on the other side of Cote des Neiges Road. Of the party two were greenhorns while the third claimed experience which however helped him little. They met all sorts of difficulties and their guiding staffs were of little help. After many adventures they returned home exhibiting their newly acquired skill on St. Catherine Street under the full glare of the street lights, to a large and appreciative audience.

Two of Canada's pioneer skiers, Thomas Drummond and Percy Douglas, discussed this event years later and observed that many of the snowshoers had found the skis clumsy and difficult to control. They had spent so much time, Drummond recalled, digging themselves out of drifts that as a group they decided that they preferred the dependable snowshoe.

Skiing had already become moderately established among several of the staff at McGill University when, around 1899, a new and enthusiastic group that included Messrs J. B. Porter, P. E. Nobbs and R. J. Durley appeared. In 1900 this group arranged to spend their Christmas holidays skiing in Finland where they were introduced to Finnish skis and ski techniques. When they returned to Montreal, they brought with them several pairs of Finnish skis and the appropriate supporting equipment. The skis were described as being about ten feet long with a straight groove along the underside and a spring arch in the middle that was very pronounced. The bindings consisted of a loose toe

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The Montreal Ski Club was formed in February 1904, and the same month held the first ski-jumping competition in eastern Canada. Above is a Montreal skier c. 1905.

strap and a piece of sealskin, with the hair set forward. With respect to boots, they reportedly wore Finnish ski-boots which, in spite of their somewhat elegant appearance, greatly surpassed the commercial footwear available in Montreal at the time.

The McGill enthusiasts preferred to practise their skiing during the late evening hours, to avoid crowds of curious spectators. The numerous stories and accounts of their experiences serve only to accentuate the enjoyment shared by them on these outings. 'These ski pioneers' according to Dr W. L. Ball who wrote *The History of a Ski Club* 'would carry their skis up the mountain in preparation for their evening run.' The streets at this time were sometimes rolled and ploughed; as Ball pointed out, 'there was no snow removal' and as a result the snow banks on either side of the road could often be 'six or eight feet high'. Conditions such as this made skiing ideal, and it apparently was not unusual to witness groups of skiers trekking up Mount Royal late at night to ski down the popular trails located between Pine Avenue and Sherbrooke Street.

Around 1900 a group of Montreal ski enthusiasts began to meet to discuss skiing and the possibilities of forming a club in the city. Such an organization, it was felt, might succeed in working towards the development of a more suitable ski area in the city. The decision to form a club was taken early in 1903, and a formal proposal was then made on 11 February 1904; this resulted in the official founding of the Montreal Ski Club, as the first ski club in eastern Canada.

During these early years ski-jumping was the prominent activity. In the Montreal Club as in others across the country, the ski-jump was the key facility, with a club house a close second. The jump became the focal point and many clubs existed solely to support the ski-jump and a group of daredevil jumpers. Until after 1912 this was the only form of competitive skiing in eastern Canada. The first jumping hill in Montreal was built on what was called Fletchers Field, and it was here on 13 February 1904 that the first competition in eastern Canada took place. Two classes were to be contested, and the distinction was made on the basis of one's nationality. The championship aroused local enthusiasm; C. Christianson won the Norwegian class with a jump of 49 feet, while C. Martin won the Canadian class with an effort of 44 feet.

It was not until 1914 that an official cross-country race was held in eastern Canada. On 17 January 1914 the Montreal Ski Club sponsored its first official cross-country race, claimed by many to be the first in Canada. The race itself covered about six miles of varied terrain; it started and finished strategically at Lumkins Hotel, an establishment which was noted for its hospitality associated with sporting events.

In Canada's West, the situation differed in several respects. First, there were no large urban centres — with the exception of Vancouver — with suitable ski terrain near by. The sporting environment, as well, in most western communities did not encourage the formation of sports clubs or the introduction of new sports.

Western skiing first began in the remote areas that attracted Scandinavian settlers and offered access to suitable ski country. The towns of Rossland, Trail, Phoenix and Revelstoke in British Columbia were early industrial and mining centres to which Scandinavians had come both from Europe and from the United States. Many of these settlers were already proficient skiers and they eagerly sought opportunities to practise their sport in what was to become their new home. To most of the people in these towns, skiing was not considered to be a recreational sport; it was thus pioneered primarily by small groups of active sportsmen. The only loyal following the skiers managed to attract were the large boisterous crowds who came to watch their daring exhibitions of ski-jumping.

These events were staged spectacularly on the giant natural ski-jumping hills of Revelstoke and Rossland as well as on the ski-jump towers that rose above the prairie skylines in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. The pioneer skiers of the West were primarily interested in competition and in attracting new aspirants to the ski-jumps. Chris Gottaas described what might have been the general philosophy of early western skiers when he suggested that 'their prime concern, was to get together with a

group of skiers, have a meet or contest, then a party, all rather spontaneous and wild.'

Most authorities suggest that skiing in the West originated in the West Kootenay District of British Columbia at some time after 1880. Equally strong claims can be made however by areas surrounding the communities of Rossland and Trail in British Columbia and Banff in Alberta. As early as 1890, skiers were active throughout the West, and in 1891 one group in the town of Revelstoke held a formal meeting, which resulted in the founding of the Revelstoke Ski Club — probably the first formal ski organization in Canada.

Rossland's famed Red Mountain attracted skiers to its slopes, and as early as 1888 Canadian ski pioneers organized tournaments to be run off on the natural ski terrain of the mountain. There were many excellent skiers among the miners of Rossland and Trail and these pioneers may be credited, in part, with laying the foundations for competitive skiing in the West. In 1895, a ski club in the Rossland area was active in a variety of winter sports. The infrequent downhill ski races, ski-jumping competitions, exhibitions of skill and sporting demonstrations sponsored by the club ultimately led to the organization of the famed Rossland Winter Carnival which was first held in 1888.

Informal ski races were no doubt held prior to 1897, but the first major ski competition in Canada was recorded as a downhill ski-running event which started from the summit of Red Mountain. That first historic race, held 6 March 1897, was won by Rossland's Olaus Jeldness, a noted mining engineer and sportsman in the town. The race itself was a primitive form of what we know today as a downhill race. Jeldness, an expert skier, was reported to have made the run down Red Mountain from the summit to the Black Bear compressor house in five minutes.

Olaus Jeldness was an unusual and outstanding figure in the frontier community of Rossland, B.C. The magic of the Jeldness name even today evokes memorable stories of early ski events among the ski fraternity in the province. The almost legendary stories, whether fact or fiction, provide us today with an insight into some of the life and sport of the time. Jeldness started skiing in his native Norway at a very early age and when he was just fifteen years old, made a successful ski-jump of ninety-two feet in a small village in the Nordmore district of Norway. He arrived in Rossland when he was twenty-nine years of age and was quick to gain a reputation as one of the most capable and respected mining men in western Canada.

Rossland became well known for its winter carnival and for the sporting and social events that took place. Special trains brought people to the interior of British Columbia from all over western Canada and the United States. The events themselves attracted entries from Butte, Montana and Denver in Colorado and

Mining engineer Olaus Jeldness, proclaimed Canada's first ski champion at the Rossland Winter Carnival, 1898.

Skiers were on Rossland's Red Mountain in British Columbia as early as 1880; here are two skiers on the slopes c. 1895.

B.C. ARCHIVES

Members of the Revelstoke Ski Club, 1891. Single long poles, cut open at the ends, were used to control speed and initiate turns.

from Revelstoke and all parts of the Canadian prairies. The first carnival was a two-day affair over the weekend of 19 February 1898. Several championship events were proclaimed by the carnival organizers, among them the ski-running and the ski-jumping championships for the Dominion of Canada. Provincial championships were also scheduled for hockey, curling, snowshoeing, and coasting; the organizers felt these events represented the major winter sports.

To help attract athletes, an impressive number of trophies had been donated for each of the competitive events. Among the contributors was T. K. Blackstock of the War Eagle Mine who donated a cup of Kootenay silver for the ski-jumping event. Competitors in the ski-running or downhill event were eligible for the MacIntosh Trophy, donated by C. H. MacIntosh. The LeRoi Company also contributed what was described as 'a costly flagon' for the snowshoeing events. Snowshoeing was perhaps more popular than skiing in those days, and at the first carnival two hundred snowshoers lined up for the opening parade.

The ski-running event of 1898 was to extend from the top of Red Mountain to the Black Bear compressor area, a distance of about one and one-half miles, with a vertical drop of about two thousand feet. Unfortunately, poor snow conditions prevailed, and the race was shifted to a shorter course on Monte Cristo Mountain. Ski-jumping events were planned as the main spectator attraction at the first Rossland Winter Carnival and, as expected, interest in this event tended to dominate the other activities. Olaus Jeldness emerged as the winner of the carnival's ski-jumping event and with it won the War Eagle Trophy which represented, at the time, the ski-jumping championship of Canada. He had earlier been awarded the MacIntosh Trophy for winning the downhill ski race, and as a result was proclaimed Canada's first ski champion.

Near-perfect snow conditions in 1899 brought the downhill race to Red Mountain and the competition was again won by Jeldness with a record time of three minutes and five seconds. Second and third places went to gentlemen by the names of Solstad and Bjornstad, which seemed to indicate a Scandinavian monopoly. The MacIntosh Trophy was presented to Jeldness on three successive years. Then it was retired in his name and given to him for permanent retention. The following year, Jeldness donated a new trophy for the downhill race and this time it was suitably named the Jeldness Ski Trophy.

These early downhill ski races differed from today's controlled alpine events. The race started at the summit of the mountain and ended on the main street of the town. A few of the more enthusiastic supporters would line the long mountain route, while most of the spectators gathered along the main street of the town. The course was as natural as any mountain trail, and it was believed to have come straight down the south-east slope of the mountain. No flags guided the racers or controlled their speed, and the trail was neither prepared nor packed. As a result, casualties on the race course were frequent, and skiers often became lost enroute to the finish line. All competitors in the event started together and the racer who crossed the finish line first was declared the winner. Their skis were described as being longer than those in use today and fitted loosely to the feet. Speed was controlled and turns initiated by checking with the aid of a single long pole which was apparently dragged as a rudder since it was partly cut open at the end to dig into the snow.

Jim Morrison displays a ski, hand-hewn from a pine tree by a Scandinavian workman in the Silver City area of Alberta, c. 1887.

It is probable that skiing in Alberta began in the mountainous terrain surrounding the village of Banff. The first to use skis in Canada as a means of transportation and for survival were the Scandinavian prospectors exploring the country around Banff prior to the arrival of the railway. Scandinavian axemen, working on railway construction crews around Silver City, a short-lived mining town west of Banff, are reported to have made skis by hand and used them on the job during the winter months. They were described as being 'hand hewn from a pine tree, with an additional piece of wood nailed to each ski boot for boot plates, extra strength and thickness'. There apparently was no evidence of either camber or ski harness. Jim Morrison of Banff, examining these skis, describes one of them as having 'a felt sole nailed to the boot plate'. This perhaps explains the absence of a harness since the skier would simply nail his felt workboots to the ski 'leaving the heel of the boot free'.

Cyril Paris claims that his father, George Harrison Paris, was the first to use skis in the village of Banff. These were sent to his father by a Norwegian friend from North Dakota who had, in 1893, been attracted to Banff by the presence of the mineral hot springs and had been a guest at the Brett Sanitorium Hotel where the elder Mr Paris worked. On observing the interest in snowshoeing among several of the sportsmen of Banff and in particular, the enthusiasm of George Paris, the American visitor promised to send back skis which he assured them would make it much easier to get around. The skis arrived during the winter of 1894, and are claimed to be the first used by a resident of Banff, and perhaps the earliest skis to be used in Alberta.

Revelstoke, Rossland, and the neighbouring town of Trail, were instrumental in developing and fostering the sport of skiing in British Columbia and later throughout western Canada. Their influence in these early years spread slowly to the coast and prairie regions, for skiing was primarily a local sport. This was due in part to the relative inaccessibility of other areas and problems related to the lack of ski equipment and adeqtiate transportation. The fact that the first ski competitions took place in western Canada was perhaps a reflection of the character of western Canadian sport. The competitive emphasis in skiing among the western clubs prevailed for many years.

On the surface it may appear that skiing was not highly competitive in pioneer days, but it should be remembered that there existed few incentives beyond local and inter-club competition. Events were decidedly regional in their scope and interest. Championship events could not be considered national in scope; each area held championships and proclaimed national titles for their respective winners. Standards and performance were greatly inferior to those of today, as were the facilities and equipment. The relatively small skiing fraternity in western Canada did, however, find enjoyment and a challenge from what might appear an insignificant competition.

During the first two decades after 1900, eastern and western skiing continued to enjoy a period of somewhat independent growth. Each area developed in its own way, and in many cases, was quite unaware of the other. It was common for each ski club to sponsor and claim the national championships. Inter-club competitions in the West during this period often had a north-south orientation, and exchanges with the clubs in the north-western United States were common and popular. In the East, the Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto areas were fairly self-supporting but by 1920, an Ottawa-Montreal competitive axis had become well established. Certainly, Montreal, with Mount Royal and the nearby Laurentians, became the undisputed centre of eastern skiing.

When eastern and western skiers finally met through informal ski trips and in competition, these regional differences came to the surface and resulted in disputes, quarrels and disagreements. Though quickly becoming the concern of ski leaders in all areas, these basic differences in outlook caused many years of strife, and dissension disrupted what was a desired movement towards national unity in organized skiing. Earlier attempts at forming a governing authority for skiing in Canada ended in 1920 when eastern sectional differences and outlooks were somewhat resolved, and the Canadian Amateur Ski Association became a reality. This was primarily an eastern Canadian organization and differences with the established ski clubs in western Canada soon became even more apparent. It took fifteen long years of negotiation, dispute, and compromise to bring eastern and western ski interests together, and it was not until 1935 that the association was representative of all clubs in Canada.◆

Many of the men who sailed with Ross and Parry were trained weavers who saw no future for their craft in the revolutionized wool industry. Here they engage in 'bodily exercise' at Igloolik during the winter of 1822-23.

WHALERS AND WEAVERS

By Glynn R. Barratt

FEW CANADIANS with an interest in northern Canada will not have heard of Captains John Ross and Edward Parry. Representatives of what may now be seen as the heroic age of British naval exploration of the North, Ross and Parry won fame in their own time and, by contemporary service standards, a degree of wealth. Their triumphs and their failures to the north of Hudson Bay are recalled now, as a century ago, by the most casual of glances at the atlas: Parry Island and Cape Parry, Ross Strait, Fury and Hecla Strait; and by a steady stream of notes and articles, addresses and, more recently, biographies.

Predictably different is the situation where the ship's companies and, more especially, ordinary seamen are

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concerned: on those unsung, yet not entirely ordinary seamen, it has not been easy to find information even of the most essential kind. They were ignored both in official narratives and in such unofficial papers as concerned the arctic voyage.

What then *do* Ross and Parry say of their own ordinary seamen, in those portions of their works that are not given over to exhaustive lists of chronometric and dip-sector readings, needle variation charts and other scientific data? A few allusions to the warrant-officers and leading men, a line or two on an adventure or an exploit in the North involving seamen — that is all. Elsewhere, ships' companies fuse wretchedly into anonymous and faceless bands. 'The men' participated in a masquerade. 'The men' attended school in *Hecla* and in *Fury* when the vessels were beset with ice during the winter. 'Every attention was, as usual, paid to the occupation and diversion of the men's minds, as well as to the regulation of their bodily exercise'. Such formulae fail to answer questions of the kind provoked by the silence of these commanding officers. Who precisely were the men chosen by Ross and Parry for such hazardous and novel service? What had been their pasts, and did they benefit from having gone? These and other questions may be answered, partially at least, by an examination of those Admiralty papers lately photocopied in the Public Record Office, London, by the members of the National Library and Public Archives of Canada, and recently deposited in Ottawa.

The hiring of crews has always been an important matter to commanders of expeditions, and of relatively more importance to commanders of potentially dangerous expeditions. Thus one is not surprised to find, upon examination of the Parry-Croker and Ross-Barrow correspondence for the years 1818-24, that Captains Ross and Parry took a lively interest in the recruiting of their men at every level, casting wide their nets over the home-based fleet and major ports in search of good material. Many a transfer was arranged by both commanders — Ross in 1818; Parry in 1819, 1820 and 1824 — during the weeks preceding their departure for uncharted northern waters. One Richard Lloyd, for instance, was but one of several able seamen taken from *Investigator* and, with his consent and Parry's full approval, written into *Hecla's* list, while William Hopkins, ship's cook from HMS *Fox* (neither a cripple nor a pensioner, as were so many of his galley-fellows of the day, but a strong and skilful man) was moved to *Fury*. Understandably, three-quarters of these transfers were of men already known to their commanders-to-be. Both Ross and Parry were given admiralty leave to do their best to bring good seamen from the ships on which they had been serving when the Lords Commissioners had named the commanders of forthcoming expeditionary voyages. These 'followers' from John Ross's and from Parry's latest ships — and from ships' companies commanded by those officers earlier in their careers — were to bulk large in *Isabella* and in *Alexander* and in both *Hecla* and *Fury*: Joshua Wedderburn and George Goldthorpe from Ross's Baltic period, James Beswick and John Hurst from Parry's North American and whaling years on *Alexandria*. The fact itself is an instructive one: Ross might have proved cantankerous under Saumarez and Parry somewhat sanctimonious as a lieutenant not yet twenty-one years old, but neither man had failed to win respect and a degree of loyalty from his subordinates. Neither had turned a ship into 'a floating hell' as would, for instance, Edward Belcher when he came to arctic waters. And among their 'followers' were many seamen who had had experience, like their commanders, of cold northern waters, of the Canadas, of Newfoundland in winter, snow and ice — and who, if educated in responsibility as many were, could even recommend others for the expeditionary voyage planned. To illustrate this last point, here is a letter by Ross securing the immediate transfer of a man with rudimentary medical knowledge, out of the *Driver* into *Isabella*, bound for arctic explorations:

To: John Barrow, esq. London, 5th January, 1818

Sir,

The man named in the margin, a seaman on board His Majesty's Sloop *Driver*, being a man very fit for the Service on which I am to be employed, a follower of mine for nine years, a Volunteer, is a person who will be of great use in entering men for the Service. I am to request you will be pleased to move their Lordships to order him discharged from the *Driver* into the Ship I am to command.

McCulloch

I have the honour to be your obedient servant, etc.,

John Ross, Captain

Ross was not disappointed in McCulloch: shortly after joining *Isabella*, then in Deptford Yard, the volunteer with medical abilities had 'entered' several able seamen whose superiority over the average recruit may be gathered from a casual remark of Ross's to John Wilson Croker, the intelligent and diligent Secretary of the Admiralty. One of the recruits, John Hunter (Croker learned) had a fair grasp of mineralogy.

In short, John Ross succeeded in enlisting two full companies of able seamen far superior in point of intellect and, it would seem, of spirit, to those manning other vessels of the time. Doubtless, the double pay offered was an important factor, for in general, qualified men fit *and* available for work at sea had become rare before 1818. No longer, now that Europe

and North America were both at peace, were press-gangs sent ashore in England's ports; and soon the shortage of trained seamen that would last even beyond the introduction of continuous paid service in the Navy (1853), was to worsen most alarmingly. But, the ordinary seaman was not drawn, even on double pay, out of his home port and abruptly into danger and adventure of the sort found on an arctic voyage. Rather was it the unusual and daring seaman, the extraordinary ordinary seaman and enough of these had volunteered by March 1818 for Ross to be in a position to select and to reject. And some, after a port-trial, were, indeed, rejected. One was James MacDonald, A.B., a prickly individual dismissed from *Alexander* after a few days 'for skulking and for being very insolent to Midshipmen.' There was no room for galley-rangers, widow's men or malcontents: north of the Arctic Circle, all had to justify their presence, day by day.

By happy chance, a document in Ross's hand survives, providing details of those members of the crews of *Isabella* and of *Alexander* who, in consequence of Melville's offer of continuing full pay throughout that winter, and of re-employment on a second arctic voyage, had in mid-December 1818 volunteered a second time for service in the North. Dated 'December, London' that illuminating document gives the ages, heights, and former trades of those willing to serve again, as well as precious details of the ships in which they had already served, official length of service, and localities seen under sail. Bearing directly as it does upon the common seamen who participated in the 1818 (Ross) and 1819 (Parry) arctic voyages, it merits partial publication:

Name	Age	Service Length	Climates	Trade
Dan. McMahon	31	11½	Brazils, North Sea, Newfoundland	Weaver
George Goldthorpe	24	9	Newfoundland, Baltic, East Indies	Weaver
John Harris	28	5	Hot & Cold	Clerk
Thos. Swainstone	22	10	Hot & Cold	Weaver
Wm. Fairbrass	27	7	Hot & Cold	None
John Freeland	24	6	Hot & Cold	Weaver
Wm. Bishop	27	10	Hot & Cold	Labourer
Josh. Wedderburn	27	12	Channel & Baltic Sea	Weaver
Peter Beckett	27	6	North Sea & Mediterranean	Labourer
Wm. Cheatham	24	5½	Cold	Black-smith
Robt. Chadwick	24	6	Hot & Cold	Weaver
John Shawcross	24	7	East Indies	Weaver
James Garside	22	7	Hot & Cold	Weaver
Joseph Wilson	22	5½	Hot & Cold	Wool-comber
Joshua Cately	23	5½	Cold	File cutter
James Beswick	22	6.8	America	Calico printer
Wm. Brazfield	21	5½	Med., North Sea	Labourer

The list is eloquent in several respects. The average age of the returning volunteer was 25. Physically, he was well-developed. (Ross's figures indicate that, of the 22, only five men were less than 5'7" tall, while eight or nine of them were big even by modern standards.) Every single man had been in northern waters before entering an arctic expedition. Three at least had served in the Newfoundland station, while John Hurst, age 25, a labourer, and James Beswick, 22, a calico printer, and no doubt a handful more had seen some service in the Canadas.

The information given under the columns 'Service Length' and 'Trade' is the most significant. The recruits were seamen judged to be of high ability, on whom one could rely in arctic latitudes. And yet they were not seamen. Or at least they were not seamen as a consequence of early circumstances and of early training. Michael Lewis, a contemporary specialist in the professional and social aspects of the Royal Navy's history, thus puts the facts into perspective:

> The social backgrounds of very few individual men are known to us now, or even likely to be. Yet certain wide generalizations can be made, and can hardly be wrong. For example, something like three-quarters of the men comprising any ordinary Ship's Company were, by upbringing and training, seamen: and seafaring was a markedly hereditary calling.

In yet one more respect, Ross's companies, like Parry's later, were *not* ordinary, and failed to fall into the common pattern of the post-Napoleonic age. Far from being former harbour urchins, most of the seamen in the north of North America in 1818-21 were trained craftsmen who could well, in other circumstances, have worked far from sight and sound of any sea. No less than eight of the returners to the arctic service had previously followed the same trade, that of the weaver, while Joseph Wilson and James Beswick had, in different capacities, also been part of the revolutionized wool industry. In short, the bulk of those who volunteered a second time for arctic service may be seen to have been victims, more or less, of recent technological advances, economic dislocation, or the fear of both — men who, though skilled and literate, had seen no future in their trade and district, so had gone to sea. The great historian Elie Halévy wrote on the dilemma of such men during the years of post-Napoleonic penury and peace:

> In the period about 1815, British industry was in the throes of transformation. The entire revolution in technical processes was causing grave social disorders . . . The universal employment of women and children in spinning mills was throwing out of work an ever-increasing number of adult male workmen. They had to obtain a living somehow or other, and their very destitution kept hand-weaving in existence. About 1792, the cotton weavers were better paid than the majority of British workmen. In 1811, a weaver could no longer earn more than 11s a week, and frequent periods of unemployment reduced his real average wage for a week to 7s. Unbridled competition, overproduction, periods of crisis, merciless sweating . . .

The years 1810-15 brought crisis and the spectre of starvation to the hand-loom weavers who, in order to

preserve at least a semblance of their liberty, accepted ever-lower payment for their work — or rioted. Nothing, however, could spare Robert Chadwick, Joseph Wilson, or James Beswick from the march of the machine. By 1812, cotton was combed and spun in factories, while cotton fabrics were both dyed and colour-printed in large factories. It was precisely between 1811 and 1813, at that very moment when the British Navy reached its greatest size, that Robert Chadwick and John Freeland, John Shawcross and James Garside had all left their looms, Beswick his printing-room, Wilson, his combing-shed. And what may be deduced from the comparatively early departures from their looms for naval service of Swainstone, Wedderburn, McMahon, all of whom entered ships in 1806-08? Only, perhaps, that they had more initiative than the great mass of their associates in penury inland.

But no matter in what year these former weavers, labourers, and others had enlisted in the Navy, it is plain that they had done well, attracting favourable notice. The fact bespeaks unusual degrees of toughness and adaptability, two qualities which, in conjunction with the skills that these particular ex-craftsmen had apparently soon mastered in the North Atlantic or the North and Baltic Seas, were actually those most likely to be needed on an expeditionary voyage. And of course, it was along such lines that Ross and Parry thought during the weeks of preparation. For it was not ordinary skilled seamen that they sought and, in the weaving sailors, found.

Both Ross and Parry went to quite unusual lengths in correspondence with the Admiralty Board to secure the best of stores, supplies, and pay for their picked men. The able seamen aboard *Isabella* (declared Ross) should earn at least £3 a month, and those in *Alexander* too. Each able seaman must be issued with a shaggy wolfskin coat, gratis, and with other clothing suitable for arctic latitudes. Even the ordinary seamen should be fed on tongue. (The Admiralty balked at this.) Each seaman must receive three months' full pay on setting sail, if not before. (To this, consent was given.) Such consideration, which in time would be extended to the pressing of the Admiralty Board for help for widows of men killed while in the North, had its desired effect. In Parry's phrase, each member of his lower deck lent him 'zealous support' at every turn. But it did more. It went some way towards establishing a spirit of community aboard the arctic vessels — one to which both men and warrant-officers, as well as the commissioned officers, would grow more sensitive as months went by, and which would be expressed in terms of reappointment to another, and another arctic voyage. Even in the winter of 1818-19, an arctic club was coming into being.

In turning from the common seamen to the leading seamen, we go from the distress of inland tradesmen

'Winter dress of officers and men' 1819-1820. Leading seamen were recruited from whaling fleets because of their experience in northern waters.

and their helpers to the rude health of a sea-borne industry; and from a background of depression to a promise of continuous employment — in the northern whaling fleets.

In any case, as we are told by John Béchervaise (author of *Thirty-six years of Seafaring Life* published in 1839) and others who sailed before the mast, the western mercantile marine had always offered higher pay than had the Crown; and by commercial logic, pay on merchantmen and whalers had grown relatively even more attractive on the outbreak of the wars against the French. Moreover, to be engaged in whaling had traditionally been to be exempt from naval service unless acts were passed (which whaling men ignored as much as possible) specifically annulling that exemption. Whaling masters, not surprisingly in view of the great profits to be made, used every ounce of privilege allowed them, with the sorry consequence that once or twice in Parry's

boyhood there had even been 'short battles with gunfire between whale-fishers of the North and vessels of the Admiralty, when the latter had attempted to capture the whalers on board their boats.' By no means had relations between whaling and the underpaid and hard-pressed Navy always been as warm as they were growing in 1818-20. Now the wars were over and the horror in which Greenland whaling masters held all warships had accordingly diminished. *Economically,* however, there had been no change since wartime. Why, on economic grounds, should *any* seamen with experience in the lucrative Spitzbergen trade, submit to semi-poverty and rigid discipline on board a Navy vessel? To be sure, life in a Baffin's Bay or Greenland whaler was both harsh and dangerous; but seamen were not flogged by whaling masters and kept for years on end from their home port and family, as would be every man with Ross and Parry *if* they succeeded in discovering a Northwest Passage and in pressing through to China. Perhaps whaling-men took greater risks than other seamen during peace-time; but they earned high wages and were bound for one seasonal voyage to the hunting ground. *They* were not weavers, to accept a berth at a poor £1 13s 6d. a month — still, in 1818, the able seaman's standard wage. And yet, because of their experience of Greenland waters over several years, they were precisely the material most needed on a voyage up to Baffin's Bay and further to the north and west. Ross was not slow in grasping this, as may be seen from pithy memoranda on the subject of his leading seamen's pay to Croker, of the first two months of 1818. Here is one, to illustrate a group:

To: J. W. Croker, esq. London, 21st January, 1818

Sir,

I have the honour to acquaint you for the information of my Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty that the Masters of the Ships under my direction have *refused* to accept the wages offered for the voyage of discovery to the Arctic Regions, and it is my opinion that neither Masters nor men such as are required for the Service *can* be procured for the wages specified in the scheme at present in force.

I have the honour to be, etc.

John Ross, Captain

It was to leading seamen and to masters with experience of Greenland waters that John Ross referred. John Wilson Croker, for his part, would have been willing to increase the wages offered promptly and, in fact, strove valiantly to secure the increase from the Admiralty Board without delay. Delay, however, was inherent in the working of the Board which, then as now, was not in session day by day. Three weeks went by, and it began to seem that Ross's apprehensions would be thoroughly substantiated by the non-appearance of the necessary leading seamen, Greenland mates, and masters. Ross again wrote on the subject, with a concrete suggestion:

London, 14th February, 1818

Sir,

We have not been able to enter any of the Leading Men required for the Service and, being apprehensive that they are engaging in the Greenland ships and leaving the Port of London for Hull and other places, I am of opinion it would be advisable to offer 5s. a month more to the fourteen Leading Men required, which would make their pay £3 15s . . .

If not exactly handsome (in 1815 boatswains and gunner's mates received a minimum of £2 5s 6d., on board a first-rate ship at least) this was distinctly better. Croker gained the Board's consent and, in the early spring, the men were found. A high proportion of them came from Hull, the *Isabella*'s home port, several volunteering from the *Royal George.* (For the next century, Hull was to send her whalers to the icy rim of modern Canada — and more persistently, considering the relatively modest size of the Hull whaling fleet after 1850, than would any ports save Peterhead and Leith alone.) Not even half of the fourteen saw fit to re-enlist for Parry's 1819 arctic voyage. Several, on the other hand, had been rewarded for the contribution that they had made to the search for the elusive Northwest Passage and, in fact, thus earned a good deal more than had been stipulated as their proper pay.

So we are brought to the essential paradox in the whole issue of the hiring and re-hiring of the arctic crews under John Ross and Parry: whereas the majority of the hired ordinary and able seamen were well pleased, for economic and for other reasons, to be sailing up to Baffin's Bay, their Greenland mates and leading seamen (having felt no comparable pressure to obtain a berth) experienced no such relief or pleasure. No doubt, it was a pleasant thing for Allison and Fife, the Scottish whaling masters navigating Parry's 1819 vessels, to be heading up past Godthaab into waters where they could expect to sight whole schools of whales. What they saw then could be of use in the near future. No doubt, too, Allison and Fife, and their two mates, Crawfurd and Elder, were men of an adventurous and searching spirit, no less interested in the nature and objective of the *Hecla*'s and the *Griper*'s voyage than in simply leaving port on reasonable pay. Yet it would be mistaken to suppose that Parry's Greenland mates and masters had, at any time, experienced relief at having found positions on an

'The crews of HMS Hecla & Griper cutting into Winter Harbour, Sept. 20th 1819'.

arctic expeditionary cruise. In 'Hull and other places', they could easily enough sell their experience at a good rate: for whaling was in better health, in 1820, than was any weaving — better, for that matter, than the Royal Navy as a whole, with all its pomp and pennants, to which officers like Parry owed allegiance, and in which they hoped to follow long careers.

This is the second part of the post-war 'employment paradox' in expeditions to the waters north of Hudson Bay. Ross's and Parry's leading men had, by and large, incomparably less reason for anxiety where their employment in the future was concerned, than had those officers themselves. In summary, the able seamen aboard *Isabella, Alexander, Griper, Hecla* and *Fury* had, with few exceptions, past links with one branch or other of an industry which technological advances had already revolutionized and were still changing. Leading seaman, Greenland mates and masters, on the other hand had, with but few exceptions, links which they maintained even while serving under Parry and the elder Ross, with the expanding whaling industry based on the ports of Hull, Leith, Liverpool, Whitby and Peterhead. As for the officers, they were distinguished, loyal members of a shrinking Navy. Little gain to them if whaling prospered in the North; small gain or loss if weaving should decline or no. 'In 1813, there were in commission 99 ships of the line; in 1817 — 13. In 1813, there were 3,285 lieutenants; in 1817, there were 3,949. This state of affairs gave rise to much misery.' From this background of half-pay or idleness, the officers with Parry and with Ross had been thrust into a new situation — one crammed with opportunity and promise of reward. 'The mouth of the Coppermine River was worth £5,000; the Mackenzie, £10,000; and the Pacific, £20,000.' Small wonder that, so happily employed amidst such general despondency, the officers and men on arctic service in the years 1818-25, all felt themselves full members of a privileged society, an arctic club. The records of that club are even now being examined, and assessed. ◆

FORT TIMISKAMING AND THE FUR TRADE

By Elaine Allan Mitchell. University of Toronto Press, Toronto and Buffalo, 1977. 306 pp., illus. $17.50

Reviewed by Shirlee Anne Smith

In her acknowledgements Mrs Mitchell mentions Alice M. Johnson, Hudson's Bay Company archivist, who retired almost ten years ago. Obviously, the book has had a long gestation. It covers a large fur-trading area including parts of modern-day Quebec and Ontario from the St Lawrence to Hudson Bay. The precise date of the first Fort Timiskaming is not known, but it was already established in 1686 when de Troyes travelled overland to Hudson Bay. The book ends with the closing of the post by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1902. The deliberations of the London Committee, the attitudes of the North West Company men, especially towards the H B C Charter, and the directives of Governor George Simpson give the book an interest beyond the Fort Timiskaming area.

Working almost solely from manuscript sources, the Cameron papers and the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, the author brings new material to the history of the fur trade and at the same time enlarges on parts of E.E. Rich's *The History of the Hudson's Bay Company 1670-1870.* Little has been known about the North West Company's expeditions to Hudson Bay, 1800-1806, to which Mrs Mitchell devotes a chapter. Rich has written about the negotiations between the H B C and the Nor'-Westers, but the author tells what happened on the ground. The 'Pedlars', as the H B C men called them, expected strong opposition as they sailed into Hudson Bay to establish posts; but this did not occur, for the London Committee had warned their servants of 'the necessity of avoiding disputes or any show of violence'. One marvels at their restraint, but then the H B C had not as yet begun an all-out offensive against the Nor'-Westers. Fur-trade competition produced strong emotions and Angus Cameron's scorn for the H B C men is evident in what is the most amusing quotation in the book. Writing about James Kellock, an H B C clerk at Matawagamingue in 1815, Cameron records:

> '. . . such a ridiculous figure I never beheld in the Indian country . . . half famished with Hunger, upon a Huge pair of snow Shoes, that his Spindle shanks can hardly trail along, with an old Bag on his back . . . this Phantom of a Hunter, surpasses all the Fops that ever I saw in Fopishness . . .'

The Hudson's Bay Company's venture into the lumber business along the Ottawa River shows a tough-fighting George Simpson. When the McConnells, who were lumbermen, meddled with the Indian trade, Angus Cameron, Chief at Timiskaming, on orders from Simpson, entered the lumber business. In one year's operation the Company lost over 3,000 pounds, which Simpson justified by saying it was necessary to protect the trade. He could be just as tough with missionaries but the Roman Catholic bishops who wanted to send priests down to the Bay were not met head-on. The machinations were more subtle. Simpson, although not a religious bigot, believed that all missionaries interfered with the Indian way of life and thus with the fur trade.

Working in the unindexed archives of the H B C is a daunting task and Mrs Mitchell weaves her way with few slips. Surely, however, it was the Napoleonic Wars, as well as the 'Canadians' strength in the interior', which brought about vanishing profits during the first decade of the 19th century. The author's comment that in 1810 the London Committee had a 'continued distrust in their servants' capabilities' to compete with the Nor'Westers, is surely wide of the mark and, even if it were true, is unfair. By this time the Company had been employing Orcadians for almost a century and they could not suddenly become adversaries when they had been repeatedly told to treat everyone, competitor and Indian alike, with 'civility'.

Thomas Thomas joined the Company in 1789 and had served at York and Severn. He was therefore not a new man in 1810.

The volume is footnoted, indexed, illustrated, has biographical notes, a map, and is produced in the manner that one expects from the University of Toronto Press. There are a number of what would seem to be type-setting errors rather than inexact transcribing of quotations by the author. For instance, on page 22, 2nd line, the original record reads that the canoes had to be portaged 37 times, not 27 as mentioned in the book; and Timiskaming's fur returns were 9,400 pounds not 9,200 pounds, page 220. There are other minor irritations, such as the omission of accents from some French words; and stating the fur returns in pounds and the profits in dollars when the latter is also given in pounds in the original document.

The book has been published with the aid of grants from the University of Toronto Press, and the Social Science Research Council of Canada, using funds provided by the Canada Council. It is a book that is worthy of such grants. One is grateful to Elaine Allan Mitchell who has devoted a large portion of her life to researching and writing a book on an area that heretofore was virtually unknown.

Shirlee Smith is Hudson's Bay Company archivist.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FIRST 200 YEARS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

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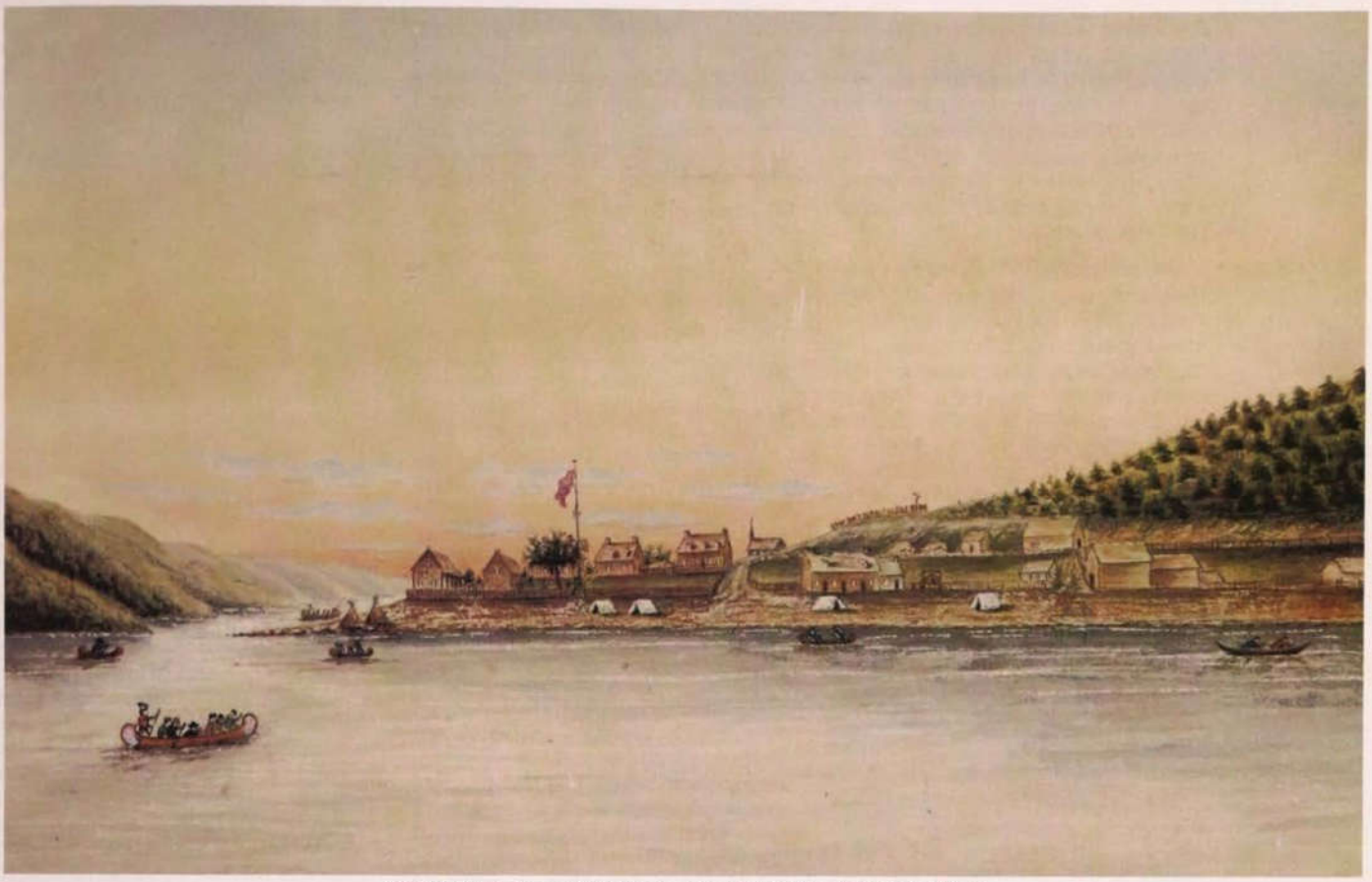


Fort Timiskaming, c. 1870. From a water-colour by Andrew Lockhart.

PRISON OF GRASS

Canada from the Native Point of View

By Howard Adams. New Press, Toronto, 1975. 238 pp. $12.95 hardcover/$7.95 paperback.

Reviewed by Arthur J. Ray

In his book *Prison of Grass,* Howard Adams discusses the cultural, psychological and racial aspects of colonialism from what he claims is a native perspective. His purpose is to correct what he regards as the predominant liberal white supremacist view of the native peoples of Canada that depicts them as 'simple warring savages'. In place of this distorted image, Adams attempts to present his readers with a 'true' history of Canadian native peoples.

The book is organized into four parts. The first section considers the impact of traders, missionaries, government agents, and reservation life on the character and vitality of traditional Indian society. Adams makes three major claims: white traders were uniformly unprincipled and took advantage of the Indian whenever they could; missionaries were agents of trading, railroad, and real estate companies, and spies for the government who worked to 'soften' native societies to further the interests of these invading groups; reservation life 'ossified' native cultures by removing real power and authority from tribal chiefs and other native institutions and placing them in the hands of whites. This development, as well as the confinement of Indians to reserves, transformed an open dynamic society into one that was closed and static.

In the second part of his book, Adams deals with the Métis uprisings of 1869 and 1885. His discussion of the first uprising offers little that is new. He simply accepts the perspective that the term 'rebellion' is inappropriate since there was, in fact, no legitimate government in the area at the time of the conflict.

He maintains a similar attitude about the rebellion of 1885. Adams points out that the Northwest Territories Act of 1875 named a lieutenant governor and council (exclusively for the region). But, the author questions its legitimacy because it was imposed on the local people by the federal government without their participation or reference to regional political traditions. In particular, the act disregarded the fact that the Métis communities had their own councils who acted as their local governments. Adams takes strong exception to the practice of referring to the conflict of 1885 as the 'Riel Rebellion' because he maintains that Riel was not the main source of agitation in the confrontation. Rather, the Métis leader was invited to take part in the struggle by elected members of the Métis council at Batoche. Therefore, Riel was working for the Métis movement, not leading it. And, Indians and whites in the territories also had grievances against the government in Ottawa so that the Métis community was not solely responsible for the hostilities.

Indeed, Adams places most of the blame for the outbreak of hostilities in 1885 with the federal government and its agents. He contends that the government of Sir John A. Macdonald permitted, and perhaps encouraged, the Indian-Métis problems to become aggravated so that a military 'invasion' of the West could be justified.

In the trial of Métis leaders that followed the hostilities of 1885, Adams says that the government used the courts to mask its conquest of the western native peoples. He claims that the trials were travesties of justice in which the defence lawyers degraded the Métis defendants and made their cause appear irrelevant by refusing to plead the innocence of their clients. More serious, Adams charges that the documents that were seized from the rebel council room in Batoche on 12 May 1885, which were supposedly those of Louis Riel and the orders-in-council of the Métis Council, were fraudulent. Adams contends that these documents were 'doctored' by the government or the prosecution to imply that Riel was the sole leader of the rebellion and suggests that Philip Garnot, secretary of the Métis Council, may have been hired by the government to alter the original record in an effort to strengthen the case against Riel.

The final two sections of the book deal with the current plight of Indian and Métis communities and with the failure of native leadership. Adams portrays a dismal picture. His central thesis is that the native communities are poverty stricken because the native peoples continue to be exploited by white racist capitalists and imperialists. He believes that this situation will not be improved until native leaders cease to attempt to work through the existing socio-political order, and instead, work to undermine the larger external system, while at the same time, devoting their attention to the development of native institutions whose purpose would be to attend to community affairs.

Adams's 'true history' of Canada's native peoples is provocative and interesting, but glaringly weak in terms of supporting evidence. Too often rhetoric and personal opinion are substituted for documentary records when the author is making major points, or at best, he offers the reader only circumstantial evidence. For instance, Adams attempts to substantiate his claim that Philip Garnot 'doctored' the Batoche documents for the government by pointing out that Garnot had lived in the Batoche area for a long time and therefore was one of the few people that the government could call upon who had sufficient knowledge of the Métis community to plant the information that the prosecutors required. Furthermore, Adams argues that Garnot's testimony at Riel's trial showed he 'was willing to betray the Métis people' because Garnot informed the court that the Métis leader personally commanded the rebellion and that Riel had forced him to join the Métis resistance against his will.

In an effort to bolster his hypothesis further, Adams continues:

> Garnot's possible complicity has been commented on by Mr. Isidore Ledoux of Leask, Saskatchewan, who knew Garnot personally. He stated in August 1973 (at the age of 100) that Garnot had been involved in activities that exploited the Métis people. Concerning the theory that Garnot forged documents, Ledoux stated emphatically that Garnot was capable of such an act.

In spite of his lengthy argument, and the use of the testimony of a man who would have been a boy only twelve years old at the time of the rebellion, Adams fails to make a reasonable case.

Adams correctly indicated at the outset that more studies are needed which examine Canadian history from a native and Marxist perspective. Such works could offer us new insights into the nature of Canadian economic development and the changing nature of native-white relations. Unfortunately, Adams's book fails on both counts. He raises many interesting questions, but almost without exception he fails to deal adequately with them. This deficiency appears to be related to his notion that primary sources are suspect because they largely consist of the writings of the people who were members of the power elite. Consequently, he contends that most white historical studies of native people based on documentary sources have no relationship to authenticity and objectivity. This is an unfortunate perspective in that it serves to excuse him from the necessity of examining historical records exhaustively and critically.

The fact that a history of native peoples has native authorship will not alone assure that an accurate view of Indian and Métis traditions will emerge. Critical scholarship is just as essential for the native historian as it is for his white counterpart. Otherwise, we run the risk of merely substituting native racist views for those of whites and in the end, we will fail to gain a better understanding of the roots of the problems that currently plague relations between the two groups.

Dr Ray, associate professor in the department of geography, York University, Toronto, is author of 'Indians in the Fur Trade'.

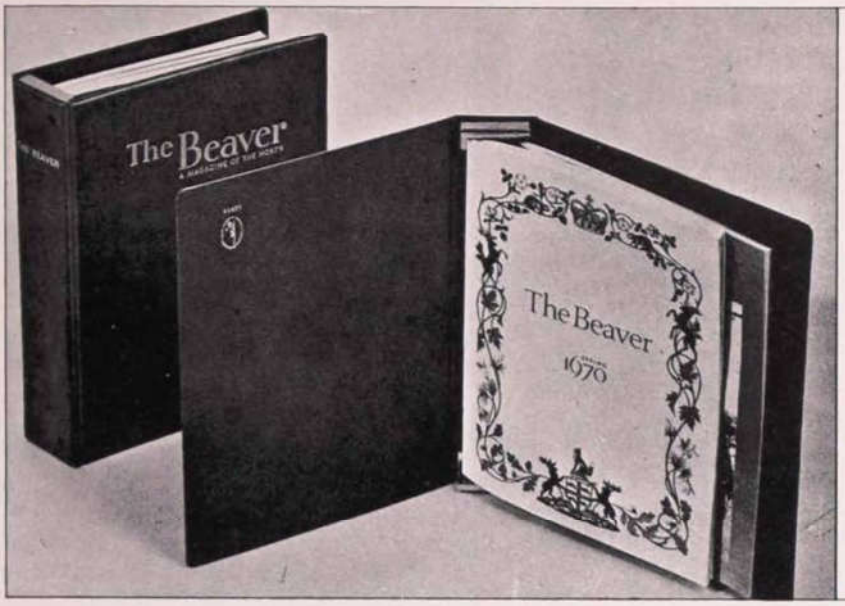
FUR TRADE CONFERENCE 1978

The third North American Fur Trade Conference will be held in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, May 4th to 6th, 1978. The scope of the conference is broad and will include papers of interest to laymen as well as to historians, geographers, anthropologists, archaeologists and economists. Speakers from Canada, the United States and Europe will attend.

The conference will include papers on the impact of the fur trade on Indian culture; fur trade mapping; fur trade economics; fur trade personalities; fur trade on the Pacific coast; and fur trade social and labour history.

The conference is sponsored by the Universities of Manitoba, Winnipeg and Brandon; the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba; the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature; Parks Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company.

The program and information on registration, accommodation, and planned activities may be obtained by writing to: FUR TRADE CONFERENCE 1978, P.O. Box 835, WINNIPEG, MAN. R3C 2R1.



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TAKEN BY THE WIND

By Ronald Woodall and T. H. Watkins. General Publishing Co., Don Mills, 1977. 250 pp., photographs. $29.95

Reviewed by John de Visser

There is no doubt about the 'romance' associated with the subject matter in this book. It brings back to us all the stories of our childhood about 'Cowboys and Indians'; it awakens in us the dreams of pioneering and adventure which are so much a part of our North American character. It does not matter that the images in this book show all of this in reverse, so to speak: on the verge of falling down, in a state of complete ruin and abandonment. The mind instantly compensates and we see them as they were in all their glory. But then, that is the fascination of all ruins.

Given this marvellous subject matter, then, it is too bad that the book falls down in so many ways.

T. H. Watkins's text of 40,000 words is awkward and not easy to read. Although obviously written with a great deal of affection and love, befitting his own family's long involvement with the West, there is much repetition and some of the historical information is poorly organized. At the same time it cannot have been easy to write blurbs of a hundred words or so for such subchapters as 'Three Chimneys and a Coyote' and 'The Clatter and the Thump', just because the designer said he needed them. And in one respect Mr Watkins's words form one of the better examples in recent years of what the text for a book like this should be: a complement to the pictures rather than a force competing with them.

For this is, of course, a picture book. In fact, as it says on the flap, there are 430 of them. And, to this reviewer, at least 230 too many. It looks as if the designer has tried to cram as many pictures as possible into the space available — instead of using the most basic discrimination in the selection of only the best *photographs*. As a result the effect is that of a catalogue, of a handy tour guide, perhaps, to stick in your car's glove compartment, except that it wouldn't fit.

Obviously some of the pages are designed more attractively than others. Compare, for instance, the two impossible pages of church steeples somewhere in the middle of the book — there are no page numbers — with those of the little thatch-roofed cottage in Caliento, Manitoba. As is so often the case in books of this type, some of the greatest design disasters occur in the two-page spreads. In plate 17, which is perhaps the best photograph in the book, the house disappears into the fold, completely destroying the picture's sense of loneliness and space. And it happens again and again, as in plates 134, 255, 286 and 312.

Finally, the pictures themselves. The best that can be said about them is that, with a few exceptions, they are snapshots, not photographs. And that is all right, because they are not being presented as anything else. But it is too bad, nevertheless. So many of them, even as snapshots, are so poor, in colour, in the simplest of technical terms, that, out of sheer reverence for the subject matter, they should never have made it into the book. But then the ludicrousness of that situation is aptly enough indicated by Mr Woodall himself, when in his postscript, he says: 'I approached the subject matter with insufficient respect for the photographer's craft . . . I now take the title 'photographer' more seriously, and I am diligently learning what all the numbers, dials, filters, lenses and films can do. It is quite amazing.' In what other area of endeavour would someone like the publisher of this book invest thousands of dollars in the work of somebody who, *afterwards,* comes out with a statement like that? Would you put your trust in a surgeon who, *after* the operation, says: 'That was quite amazing. I am now certainly going to find out what all those scalpels and knives can really do!'?

In summation: the subject matter makes this book an interesting one, but the packaging of that subject matter could — and should — have produced a very much better book. It is another case of an opportunity missed.

John de Visser is famous for his photographs, a recently published collection being 'Pioneer Churches'.

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